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SOME EFFECTS OF CORRUPT POLITICS

In a Buffalo hotel last week John J. Kennedy, Treasurer of the State of New York, committed suicide.

Americans have been inclined to regard corruption in politics as something not very dangerous; to deplore it, to believe it ought to be visited with punishment, and, if possible, wiped out, but not to be alarmed about it. They have not ordinarily considered it a matter of life and death. In the case of Mr. Kennedy it proved to be a matter of death. He was the Treasurer of the biggest State in the Union. To him was intrusted the keeping of the public moneys of a people more numerous than the people of the Argentine Republic or the Kingdom of Belgium. It seems as if a man in such a position must have been a distinguished expert, and have proved by his service in positions of financial responsibility that he knew thoroughly the duties of his office and was competent to meet them. As a matter of fact, the friendly and charitable explanation of his suicide—for there is no doubt that his death was self-inflicted—is that under an examination before the Grand Jury he had shown so little knowledge of such facts as one would naturally expect a man in his office to know that he feared further humiliation at a prospective examination by the District Attorney of New York County.

How is it that such a man came to be Treasurer of the great State of New York? He had been a resident of the water-front region of Buffalo. There he had established a saloon for longshoremen, and soon he had two saloons. From this humble beginning he rose to become the proprietor of a pretentious establishment. Meantime he acquired among a group of machine leaders the position of dominance. He knew very well how to make arrangements with the machine leaders of the opposing party for mutual benefit, and he knew the political value of franchises and favors to corporations, and knew how to get the political value out of them. For his services to his faction and party he was rewarded. Nominally the voters of the great State of New York freely chose Mr. Kennedy to this office of State Treasurer.. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful whether five per cent of the voters of New York knew who was Treasurer of the State until his name appeared on the front pages of the papers as that of a suicide.

The Democratic voters voted for him because his name appeared on the Democratic ticket, and the Democratic ticket received a plurality of the votes. His name appeared on the ticket because a small group of party workers had the privilege of naming a long list of candidates, and, in the process of distributing rewards for favors received, hit upon him. They were safe in doing this because the Republicans were doing the same thing. So an ex-saloon keeper became State Treasurer of New York.

This man was a victim of a bad system. The short ballot, which would end that particular system, is thus not an academic matter of political theory.

UNEARTHING THE CORRUPTION

There is another aspect of the suicide of State Treasurer Kennedy.

The Administration of which he was a part has been dominated by Tammany Hall. It was Tammany that succeeded in ousting Governor Sulzer from office, and everybody knew that Tammany did this, not to punish Governor Sulzer for what he did that was wrong, but for what he did that was right. During the campaign that followed, especially in the campaign in New York City, Mr. John A. Hennessy, who had been an investigator on behalf of Governor Sulzer, made charges of corruption against the Tammany machine and its allies that stirred the voters and undoubtedly greatly affected the result. At the time The Outlook

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said: "Political history shows that there is a strong tendency for such charges to drop out of sight as soon as the fight is over. This is deplorable, for if individuals were held, as they should be, to a strict sense of responsibility for personal attacks made in a campaign, American politics would be cleaner and the voter would not be so often led astray."

As soon as the campaign was over this tendency for campaign charges to drop out of sight showed itself; but it did not prevail altogether. Mr. Glynn, the Democratic Governor of the State, and Mr. Whitman, the Republican District Attorney of New York County, engaged in a controversy with one another over the question of the method of investigation. This controversy was hardly creditable to either, for it was evident that the object of it was not to get the truth, but political advantage. Governor Glynn, on whom the responsibility for such an investigation principally rests, has done little to show that he is in earnest about it. Tammany influence is still strong at Albany. The Republican Assembly and the Democratic Senate have each appointed a committee of investigation, with every sign of getting each for its own party all the political advantage out of the investigation that is obtainable. As a result, however, of Grand Jury examinations facts are coming to light. Mr. Kennedy's suicide followed such an examination. Graft and corruption on a large scale have been disclosed.

If the people expect that the Republican party will hunt out Democratic graft, and that the Democratic party will hunt out Republican graft, they will probably be disappointed. The theory of setting a thief to catch a thief is one that works badly. New York State, great as it is in many ways, has a bad political reputation and deserves it. The State will continue to have that low repute until it repudiates both the political machines that have again and again betrayed it.

CONGRESS

The present session of the Sixty-third Congress is accomplishing legislation which strongly distinguishes it from any other session of any other Congress.

Of measures which have passed both houses, the Alaska Railway Bill provides for Government ownership, construction, and operation of a railway not to exceed a cost of $35,000,000 to tap the Bering and Matanuska coal-fields. In the bill as passed by the Senate, and already reported in The Outlook, the House eliminated the sections which proposed a bond issue and the creation of a redemption fund. With the passage of this bill the Nation enters upon a new policy.

An equally important measure which has passed both houses is the Lever Bill, so called because fathered by Representative Lever, of South Carolina. It provides for co-operative agricultural extension work between the State agricultural colleges on the one hand and the Department of Agriculture on the other. This work is to consist of instruction and practical demonstration in agriculture and home economics to persons not attending the agricultural colleges. To enjoy the benefits of the Federal appropriation provided for in the bill, each State is to appropriate a sum equal to that apportioned to it by the Federal Government. The Federal appropriations carried are apportioned among the several States on the basis of the percentage of the rural population. Thus Federal funds will carry instruction directly to the farms.

Another bill is of interest because it indicates that the Panama tolls plank is not the only one in the Democratic National platform subjected to popular revision. The measure in question creates an additional judgeship for Pennsylvania. As submitted to the Senate, it declared for Secretary Bryan's doctrine of extending publicity to recommendations, verbal and written, upon which Presidential appointments are made. When Mr. Bryan first announced this extraordinary doctrine, The Outlook pointed out its grave defects. Congress, we are glad to report, has now abandoned it. First the Senate cut it out, and the House has assented to its elimination. What is more, Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, the Democratic House leader, and Mr. Palmer, of Pennsylvania, who is regarded as representing President Wilson, voted on the winning side. Thus the Democratic National platform—already called by some cynics a "crazy quilt"—is apparently losing some of its patches.

VICE-ADMIRALS AND GOOD ROADS

Of the bills which have passed one house only, that to create the rank of vice-admiral has called forth general commendation; its enactment, it is hoped, will preserve our navy from such mortification as was created by the recent situation at Tampico, and by seeing

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such navies as the Danish, Portuguese, and Chinese with vice-admirals taking precedence over the commanders-in-chief of our fleets. The bill has now passed the Senate. Two amendments await it in the House. The first is a provision to create also the grade of Admiral of the Fleet, a grade that exists in the British, German, Austrian, and Japanese navies. A fleet is divided into squadrons and divisions; a division should be commanded by a rear-admiral, a squadron by a vice-admiral, and the fleet by an admiral. We should have two admirals of the fleet to command the Atlantic and Pacific fleets. In this connection Mr. Garrison, Secretary of War, says that, if the grade of vice-admiral is to be revived for the navy, the grade of lieutenant-general ought to be restored to the army. Unless this is done the navy, by reason of having the superior grade of vice-admiral, will outrank the army in joint service matters. The army would then perforce be looked upon as the subordinate of the two services! But what would be an offset to an Admiral of the Fleet? It is noteworthy that the two amendments urged for the bill have come respectively from the Secretaries of the Navy and of War.

A measure which has passed the House of Representatives also calls for comment. It is the so-called "Good Roads Bill." It was passed by a vote of 284 to 42. Its title is seductive, for the "Good Roads" movement is now gaining ground rapidly through the country. Many States have made notable progress in this direction. Acting on this, the House of Representatives has made an initial appropriation of $25,000,000 to help them. What is more, it is predicted that the Senate will add $10,000,000 or $15,000,000 to the bill. It appropriates funds among the States on a basis of one-half on the ratio of population and one-half on the ratio of post-road mileage. New York State gets the largest appropriation, valued at nearly $1,800,000; then come in order Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Texas, and Indiana. The sponsors of the bill urge that since the Federal Government uses country roads over which to transport mail, it should pay a rental for the use of the roads. But why should not the Government also pay to each city in which mail wagons carry mail from post-offices to railway stations a rental for the use of its streets? The injudicious river and harbor appropriations, which The Outlook has adversely criticised, seem to sink into insignificance compared with the provisions of a bill which really enables Congressmen to use improved highways to make votes for themselves at home. If the United States is to promote good roads, let it do so on a scientific and not a political basis.

SENATOR BACON

Despite his imperialistic names, Augustus Octavius Bacon, who died last week, was no imperialist. He found fault with our recognition of Panaman independence, he expressed regret for our second occupation of Cuba, and he even opposed the sending of war vessels to Mexico. He did what he could to repress those who advocated Mexican intervention. He believed that the recognition of Huerta, however, would put a premium upon revolutions, and, long before President Wilson took action, urged that shipments of arms into Mexico be unimpeded as the best way of bringing the revolution to a close and restoring peace. The Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, Mr. Bacon was necessarily an important factor in the adjustment of our Government's policies.

As became one of the ranking members of the Senate, Mr. Bacon was a Senator of the old school; this characteristic was the more marked because it was in contrast with the manner of two Democrats, Mr. Martin, of Virginia, and Mr. Tillman, of South Carolina, who entered the Senate at the same time with Mr. Bacon. A representative type of the older statesman, Mr. Bacon's influence had always to be taken into account. He was a leader of no particular original force, yet he impressed those who came into contact with him by certain appealing qualities—a lack of affectation, geniality, attention to detail. Finally, he cherished an almost meticulous regard for the traditions of the Senate.

Senator Bacon was seventy-five years old. A Georgian by birth, he received his academic and legal training at the University of Georgia. At the beginning of the Civil War he entered the Confederate army, and remained in active service until its close; he was thus one of the few remaining Senators who saw service in that war. He began the practice of law at Macon. He served in the Georgia Senate for fourteen years and in the United States Senate for nineteen; he thus seemed to have had the habit of holding tenaciously to office. In the Federal Senate

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only Mr. Lodge, Mr. Gallinger, and Mr. Clark exceed him in length of service.

Our diplomats and students of international law will remember Mr. Bacon especially because of his introduction of a bill providing for the leasing and furnishing of embassies and legations at Government expense, and because of his last public act—the presiding over a meeting of a Committee on Foreign Relations at which favorable action was taken on the pending arbitration treaties. Following the meeting, Mr. Bacon left the Capitol, never to return.

THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

Of all the Senate committees, the most powerful at the present time seems to be the Committee on Foreign Relations. This fact is due to several very important issues. In the first place, affairs in Mexico seem graver than ever. Then there is the Panama tolls difficulty with Great Britain. There are prospective new treaties with Japan and Russia in the making. Finally, there is the Committee's influence in the Senate to be taken into account with the eight arbitration treaties which lapsed last summer reported for favorable consideration, and with many more which ought to be so reported.

The Committee has just lost its chairman. Who will succeed him? The ranking Democrat of the Committee, if tradition be followed. He is Senator Stone, of Missouri. Mr. Stone is ill. If he does not succeed, the next in order of seniority is Mr. Shively, of Indiana. Neither Senator Stone nor Senator Shively would be an ideal choice.

On the other hand, in point of comprehension of foreign affairs and of exceptional advantage in dealing with them, the Republican minority on the Committee includes three experts—Senators Root, Lodge, and Burton. Any one of the three would make a signally efficient chairman, but the party system will prevent the selection of any of them.

An editorial on the present international relations of the United States is to be found on another page.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS UNDER FIRE

Most readers of the daily papers are familiar with the fact that the controlling power in the dissemination of the news is largely vested, by right of conquest, in the Associated Press. There is a widespread popular feeling, we believe, that the task of handling the "stories" of current history is done in an impartial and accurate manner. This, indeed, whatever the facts, would naturally be expected, for when only the defendant is given power and opportunity for speech there is likelihood that, no matter how fairly he attempts to state the issues involved, his presentation of the case against himself will be distorted by personal prejudice. We make this statement, not in direct criticism of the Associated Press, but as an indication of the possibilities for evil inherent in any monopoly of the sources of news. Monopoly of the distribution of news is fraught with greater danger to a democracy than almost any other combination of commercial interests. News is the stuff of which public thought is made. Tainted news means inevitably tainted opinions.

The editors of such an organization as the Associated Press must of course exercise their discretion as to what has news value, just as the editors of this journal must use their judgment as to what shall appear in The Outlook. Mrs. Climber-Jones, of Suburbton, may believe that the "linen shower" given her daughter Lillie is an affair of such importance that it warrants telegraphing a four-column story to the ends of the earth, and the staff of any news bureau can differ with her without prejudice to their reputation for fair dealing; just as the editors of The Outlook differ not infrequently with authors as to the literary value of the wares they bring to this office. There is a difference, however, between editing the news and coloring the news—either by suppression or distortion.

An incident of the latter kind The Outlook brought to the attention of its readers during the last Presidential campaign. The Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson, was widely quoted as making certain offensive personal remarks concerning Mr. Roosevelt. When he discovered these "quotations," he immediately asked the Associated Press to publish a flat denial of the alleged quotation. No such denial was made by the news service of the Associated Press. Mr. Stimson, in order to secure publicity for his denial, then wrote The Outlook concerning the facts of the case, and The Outlook published his statement with a severe condemnation of the action of the Associated Press. Mr. Melville E. Stone, general manager of that organization, sent to The Outlook a letter saying that the false report of the

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remarks made by the Secretary of War was not disseminated by the Associated Press, but by special correspondents, and added: "It is true that we did not correct the error, because it was not our error, and in my judgment it would have been no kindness to Secretary Stimson if we had attempted to do so." In this instance the editors of the Associated Press ventured to pigeonhole an important announcement made by a Cabinet official, for the reason that they personally did not regard this announcement as advantageous to the Cabinet Minister in question. This was not a case of editorship, but of impertinent censorship.

THE "SUN'S" COMPLAINT

This discussion of the activities of the Associated Press is made apropos of the brief of a complaint filed by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association with the Attorney-General. According to the "Sun," the Associated Press has been equally oppressive in its actions toward other news agencies and toward other competing corporations which it regarded as hostile to its interests. The brief of the New York "Sun" alleges that the collection of news throughout the world and its distribution to American newspapers for publication is an act of commerce between the States, and as such comes within the application of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law.

The "Sun" recites at length the history of the Associated Press and its affiliated predecessors from 1848, a date shortly after the demonstrated practicability of the magnetic telegraph, to the present day. In particular the "Sun" calls attention to a decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois, under the laws of which State the Associated Press held its charter previous to the year 1910, which states that the latter corporation was "engaged in a business upon which a public interest is engrafted," and "upon principles of justice it can make no distinction with respect to persons who wish to purchase information and news for purposes of publication which it was created to furnish." The "Sun" then proceeds to describe the immediate reorganization of the Associated Press under the laws of New York following this decision, with practically the same officers and stockholders. The "Sun" alleges that the Associated Press in its new form still continues to keep in force its rule, which the Illinois court found so objectionable, of limiting the number of subscribers to its service, and, likewise, that it still maintains a by-law which is either in force or, if nominally abrogated, is yet a part of the common understanding and contract of its members, which reads: "That no member of the Association shall receive news from any person, firm, or corporation which shall have been declared by the Board of Directors or the stockholders to be antagonistic to the corporation." The "Sun" further alleges instances of "unlawful and malicious boycott" maintained against its own press service covering the years from 1894 to 1913. These instances are in large part cases in which the Associated Press is alleged to have forced certain papers to abandon the news service provided by the New York "Sun" under penalty of forfeiture of membership in the Associated Press.

If these allegations of the Sun Printing and Publishing Association are, as they appear to be, founded on legal evidence, certainly the matter is one which should be taken up at an early date by the Department of Justice. The charges made by the "Sun" seem to us fully as serious and as important as have been brought against any monopolistic corporation. They open the question as to whether the Associated Press should be permitted to continue under its present organization without some form of Governmental supervision. Certainly the public has as great and vital interest in the news service of the public press as in any railway or telegraph company engaged in inter-State commerce.

The readers of The Outlook may be interested in observing how full treatment this important complaint receives from those papers that are exclusively dependent for their news service on the Associated Press. So far their comment has been conspicuous chiefly by its absence.

We offer our hearty congratulations to the "Sun" for bringing to public attention, in this courageous and telling fashion, the gravity of the situation. It would be difficult to exaggerate the social dangers necessarily involved in despotic control of the source of all popular information.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH CASTILLO?

Maximo Castillo, bandit and murderer, is a prisoner of the United States in the guardhouse at Fort Bliss. What shall be done with him or about him is a perplexing prob-

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lem. It is charged, and generally believed, that it was by Castillo's orders that a railway train was burned in a railway tunnel at Cumbre, in Chihuahua, and that thereby many men, including sixteen Americans, were sent to a horrible death. The crime thus committed, if the facts are as alleged, was one of the most atrocious in the history of mankind. Castillo denies the charge, and in excuse for other depredations asserts that he represents in the north the Zapata revolutionary movement in the south—a flimsy pretext. Zapata himself is a bandit and desperado, and the existence of any connection between Zapata and Castillo is more than doubtful. Our Government called the attention of Villa to the Cumbre outrage, and Villa, with evident delight, undertook the pursuit of Castillo, threatening to execute him publicly (probably without trial) if he caught him. The pursuit waxed hot, and Castillo, barely escaping with some of his band, fled across the border into New Mexico, and was captured by our cavalry.

Shall Castillo be turned over to the tender mercies of Villa? Shall he be taken to the border and deported as an undesirable alien—which would amount to much the same thing? Or shall he be held a prisoner, as are many hundreds of other Mexican combatants who entered our territory with arms in their hands? He certainly cannot be tried on American soil for crimes committed in Mexico. On the other hand, imprisonment and detention are just what he wants, and it is almost unthinkable that a wretch stained with the blood of many men should escape the just penalty of his crime. It has been said that to turn Castillo over to Villa or Carranza would be to recognize the Constitutionalists as belligerents, and some commentators declare that the Administration has already gone so far in this direction that it might as well take this occasion to avow the policy of full recognition.

Two points should be borne in mind as regards this question of the recognition of belligerency. The phrase in international law means simply the recognition of the existence of a state of war as opposed to insurrection, with the ensuing duty on the part of the country that recognizes belligerency to observe the laws of neutrality toward both combatants. It does not mean indorsement, still less alliance. The second point is that to hand Castillo over to Villa would not necessarily mean even recognition of belligerency; it would simply mean that we recognize the fact that Villa is in actual physical control of the district in which a crime against Americans has been committed and that we look to him for redress. To make an extreme illustration, if a Mexican in Vera Cruz were to murder an American and conceal himself on an American war-ship, he would be promptly turned over to the civil authorities at Vera Cruz; and, although these officials are Huerta's appointees and supporters, that act would not in the least involve political recognition of Huerta's claim to be Constitutional President of Mexico. What Castillo did (assuming that the repeated and detailed accounts are true) was neither an act of war nor of insurgency; it was murder, and the crime calls aloud for dire and certain punishment.

But there remains the question whether Villa is a fit person to whom we should apply to mete forth justice and enforce law. He is accused of many acts not in accordance with civilized warfare. Since the arrest of Castillo comes the story of Villa's execution of a British subject, William S. Benton, a story which requires explanation and may involve international complications. Benton was a large ranch owner, whose property had been ruthlessly destroyed by bands of revolutionists; he called upon Villa to remonstrate, is alleged to have carried a revolver and to have threatened Villa (allegations denied by Benton's friends), and then disappeared from sight. Now it appears that Benton was killed on February 17, after what seems to have been a secret trial by a military court.

PRIVATION IN PORTO RICO

Porto Rico is one of the wards of the United States. For its welfare this country is responsible as a trustee or guardian is responsible for a minor child. There is distress in Porto Rico, and Americans ought to know about it. Not only is the Government of Porto Rico in financial straits, but many of the people of Porto Rico are in want.

From Miss Margaret Leitch, who, with her sister, was long a missionary in Ceylon and is now a resident of Porto Rico, we have received word about the sufferings of the Porto Ricans. She informs us that in consequence of the new Tariff Law, which will admit foreign sugar free of duty to the United States, the sugar industry of Porto Rico has

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suffered seriously. The small sugar-planters are unable to borrow money for the carrying on of their plantations. As a consequence, many of the laborers, or peons, are without work. These people have no resources, and are hungry. Those who have food every day are counted rich. This is in consequence of the action of the United States Government. If these were American citizens, it might be said that they ought to take their fortune along with the rest of the country: but they are not American citizens, they are a dependent people. As trustee the United States has no right to take such action as it has with regard to the tariff without doing something to enable its wards to bear the consequences. It has been suggested that the Government might undertake some work for the improvement of the island on which these unemployed Porto Ricans could be employed. The Administration ought to have been prepared for this state of things because it was warned in advance. Certainly the matter ought to interest Americans. There is a request, moreover, for an Interdenominational Relief Committee.

But this is not all. The finances of Porto Rico are in a bad state. Last year the insular Legislature created new forms of taxation, with the expectation of increasing the revenues from four and a half millions to somewhat more than six millions, and then the Legislature made appropriations amounting to over seven millions. As if this were not bad enough, the new taxes will result in only about a third as much additional revenue as was expected. Altogether, according to the new Governor of the island, Mr. Yager, the expenditures, if carried out on the basis upon which they were started, will exceed those of last year by two and a half million dollars, while the increase of income will be only about three hundred thousand.

Thus the revenue system of Porto Rico, which was devised and put into operation by Dr. Hollander, of the Johns Hopkins University, the first insular Treasurer, and which has been regarded as a model system, has been permitted to degenerate into a condition that means not only embarrassment to the new Governor, but must mean additional difficulty for the people.

Now is the time for the United States to turn its attention to this island. The United States has been too generous in dealing out to its dependent peoples forms of self-government, and is in danger of regarding that as a proper substitute for insuring to them efficient and just government.

THE HENRY STREET SETTLEMENT

At a recent luncheon held in New York for the purpose of bringing together men and women interested in the National movement to make the public school house, both in city and country, a social and civic center, Dr. Percy Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension, related an amusing story which pertinently illustrates the futility of a certain kind of philanthropy.

It was the story of a tender-hearted lady in a philanthropic society who rushed to stroke and pat a stray kitten that had come for refuge into the office from the crowded street. The more she stroked the kitten's head, however, the more she soothingly said, "Poor Kitty, good Kitty!" the more the cat yowled and spat. The ungratefulness of the animal filled the good lady with surprise and grief until it was discovered that while she was patting the kitten's head she was standing upon its tail! "The moral of this incident," said Dr. Grant, "is that no amount of external and superimposed philanthropy can produce much effect upon men and women smarting from a sense of economic wrong and social injustice."

The most successful philanthropic workers of the time are those who recognize the truth of this statement. Of this type are the settlement workers in our great cities. It is the spirit that endeavors to promote social justice and abolish economic wrongs which has made the work of Miss Jane Addams in Hull House, of Chicago, so successful and lasting.

A similar spirit animates a perhaps less famous but not less admirable settlement work in New York City. We refer to the Henry Street Settlement, sometimes popularly known as the Nurses' Settlement, which has just celebrated its twentieth anniversary. It was founded in 1893 by Miss Lillian D. Wald, who is still its head worker. Miss Wald is a graduate of the Training School for Nurses of the New York Hospital, and began her work in Henry Street as a volunteer neighborhood or visiting nurse.

ITS GROWTH AND NEEDS

Out of this nursing work, which is in itself one of the most admirable forms of philanthropy that can be imagined, has grown a great

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organized neighborhood settlement with kindergartens, clubs, classes, and other social and educational organizations of various sorts for boys, girls, young men, young women, and older people of both sexes. Carpentry, sewing, and industrial art are taught; a gymnasium is maintained; a woman's club of one hundred and fifty members is carried on; and the members and directors of the Settlement help in the play as well as in the work of the neighborhood. Last summer a pageant was given on Henry Street, in one of the most crowded regions of the East Side. "It portrayed"—we quote from Miss Wald's report—"some characteristic feature of each of the different peoples who have lived in this vicinity, from the picturesque Manhattans [the Indian aborigines], through the Dutch and English, in historic sequence, to the late arrivals at Ellis Island. All were harmonized by the inspiration of color design and song into a picture which seemed symbolic of the Settlement's message." It was watched with sympathy and comprehension by thousands of East Siders who crowded the street from sidewalk to tenement roof.

Another sentence from Miss Wald's report indicates the spirit of joyous friendliness which radiates from the Settlement: "Parties and dancing classes," she says, "have been conducted under the Settlement's auspices for many years. We used to say that, next to nursing typhoid, we liked to give a ball!"

We wish it were possible to quote more from the deeply interesting report which Miss Wald read at the twentieth anniversary meeting. The work has so grown that it is almost bursting the bonds of its present housing. "We hope," says Miss Wald, "that we shall be able to have a building to accommodate the boys and young men who are being trained into citizenship and who find in the Settlement an impartial center for discussion and development of the things that the neighborhood itself considers important. It would touch any heart to see our makeshifts—how one group is hurried out of a place to make room for another waiting in the hall, and how clubs are arbitrarily limited for lack of space."

The work of this Settlement has now reached a point where a permanent endowment fund is necessary to extend and carry on the work of the remarkable social group of which Miss Wald is the leader. There are no distinctions of race, color, or creed drawn in the Henry Street Settlement. Its symbol is universal brotherhood.

We know from experience how numerous and constant are the appeals made in these days of the awakened social conscience for gifts of money and time from those who have a generous sense of their responsibility to their fellow-men. Yet we do not hesitate to add to these an appeal for the Henry Street Settlement, one of the most useful and inspiring agencies of social betterment with which we are familiar. We hope, at least, that this brief mention of its twentieth anniversary may so arrest the attention of our readers that they will write for further information to Miss Lillian D. Wald, 265 Henry Street, New York City.

THE PARENTS' LEAGUE

For boys and girls as well as for men and women the present age seems to be one of increasing velocity in social customs. The very desire on the part of parents to make life pleasant for their children has hastened the pace. This has been specially noted during the Christmas and Easter vacations. To check the pace and to establish more wholesome standards in matters affecting amusements, home life, and education the Parents' League of New York City has been formed. Any parent residing in the metropolis or vicinity who is in sympathy with the object of the League may apply to be received as an active member, and any person residing anywhere who is in such sympathy may be chosen an associate member.

The League found its inception nearly a year ago when a number of parents and teachers met to consider how best to solve the problems of the theater and of the late dancing hours. The object of the League is to promote the physical, mental, and moral welfare of children by establishing more wholesome standards, and by making it easier for the individual parent to maintain more rational occupations and amusements for children during the hours when they are not in school and in the holidays. It disavows any purpose to reorganize the home, but it wishes to influence conditions outside of the home, and it hopes to prevail by customs to be established only by enlightened public opinion.

Two aspects of the plan have perhaps lessened the effect of its appeal. One is that the idea of such a League implies failure on the part of individual parents to manage their

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own children in the best way; the other is that the very formation of the League implies an assumption of superiority.

As a matter of fact, the practical work already accomplished by the League may help the most experienced and devoted parents. Take one feature of the work, the "Bulletin of Music and the Theaters," as an example. It gives such hints as the following for the month of March:

Tuesday, March 3. Symphony Club Concert, benefit of Chrystie Street House, 3 P.M., Waldorf-Astoria.

Wednesday, March 4. Beethoven Festival, Symphony Orchestra, Seventh Symphony, 8:15 P.M., Æolian Hall.

Saturday, March 7. Paderewski Recital, benefit of Tuberculosis Clinic, 3 P.M., Carnegie Hall.

Saturday, March 7. Beethoven Festival, Symphony Orchestra, Ninth Symphony, 8:15 P.M., Carnegie Hall.

Saturday, March 14. Young People's Symphony Concert, Dance programme, 2:30 P.M., Carnegie Hall.

Saturday, March 21. Boston Symphony Orchestra, 2:30 P.M., Carnegie Hall.

Saturday, March 28. Oratorio Society, 8:15 P.M., Carnegie Hall.

It is interesting to note that among the plays recommended are:

"Sari," at the Liberty Theater.

"A Thousand Years Ago," at the Shubert Theater.

"Kitty MacKay," at the Comedy Theater.

"The Legend of Leonora," at the Empire Theater.

"Grumpy," at Wallack's Theater.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate," at the Astor Theater.

"The Things that Count," at the Playhouse.

"Potash and Perlmutter," at the Cohan Theater.

"Peg o' My Heart," at the Cort Theater.

A WIRELESS ACHIEVEMENT

At Gloucester, Massachusetts, a young man sitting in a lookout station on shore with an electric switch under his hand, aided by a splendid and costly wireless plant with masts 360 feet high, and by a searchlight of 186,000,000 candle-power (larger than that of a battle-ship), operates by wireless control a forty-foot boat. It may or may not have passengers aboard, but in either case it can be started, stopped, turned this way and that, made to circle rocks and ships—all without any other human agency than that of the young man in the lookout station.

This young man is John Hays Hammond, Jr., twenty-five years old, son of the famous mining engineer of the same name. His achievement is described by Mr. Cleveland Moffett in the current issue of "McClure's Magazine." The story records an astonishing chapter of invention, and it also suggests the probability of a notable advance in the possibilities of coast defense and naval warfare. Mr. Moffett says: "Hammond can send his boat out and back along an eight-mile course filled with rocks and shoals and harbor craft, at the speed of the swiftest cruiser. He can aim it at a mark three miles away, and strike with precision every time. From this boat, running by wireless on the water, to a similar boat running under the water, is but a step. When that step is taken we shall have the ultimate torpedo, for which the navies of the world are waiting." Heretofore torpedoes controlled from the shore have carried a slight connecting wire; but currents and tides have made their steering uncertain. With Hammond's system a semi-submerged torpedo may be devised which can be steered accurately from shore at high speed. General Weaver, Chief of the United States Coast Artillery, says Mr. Moffett, witnessed the evolutions of the wonderful boat with sensations that "changed from skepticism to awakened interest, then to surprise, and finally to absolute amazement."

The boat has its own engines to furnish power; the control by the wireless waves acts upon a system of receivers and relays and motors in the vessel, each motor exercising some control over engine or rudder. "Thus one turns the rudder to the left, another sets the engines at half speed, another at full speed, while another stops them. The current that operates these motors comes from generators carried by the vessel itself, and not from the wireless station on shore, which merely sends power enough to unlock the motor gates, as it were, by a delicate receiving apparatus, and let the current from the generators flow through."

The exact methods by which this is accomplished in Mr. Hammond's "Radio" are, naturally, kept secret. The results as described in the article from which we have quoted are extraordinary.

THEODORE LOW DE VINNE

At the ripe age of eighty-six there has just passed away one who in our time stood for what Plantin and Aldus stood for in theirs—Theodore Low De Vinne.

Foreign master printers have been accustomed to say that, no matter how much

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Americans may be distinguished by cleverness in constructing machines to be used in the graphic arts, as a whole our printers have not realized the traditional ideals of craftsmanship in the technique of reproduction in wood, stone, and metal—in other words, that they do not sufficiently bring out beauty in combination with utility. Such a criticism could hardly be made concerning the master printer who has just died. Doubtless we have had other printers of books as good as he, but have we ever had a better?

He was a pioneer. To him was largely due the rise of the illustrated magazine. Long before lithography made illustration a simple matter Mr. De Vinne achieved his results by woodcuts, and, though his endeavors in other branches were perhaps of equal merit, nothing that he ever did distinguished him beyond his fellows more than did his work in wood-engraving.

One remembers the first copy of "St. Nicholas" and of the old "Scribner's Monthly," now the "Century Magazine," and one remembers that some of the best of the earlier works of Timothy Cole, the wood-engraver, were reproduced by the aid of Mr. De Vinne. Though the half-tone has now replaced the woodcut as a medium of illustration, there has been no improvement in artistic distinction upon the magazine reproductions of Mr. Cole's engravings.

Mr. De Vinne combined the technical and the practical to a high degree. He was an earnest student of his craft. As a boy he bought books on printing, and at Yale and Columbia he was to be found oftener in the offices of the university publications than in the class-room. He made many improvements in typography, and a type was appropriately named after him. He wrote numerous books and articles on the subject of printing; his "Invention of Printing" is regarded both here and abroad as an authority on the subject, and his smaller books are standards in their respective fields.

The influence in the art of printing of such a master must be permanent in the development of American art and craftsmanship.

VISCOUNT AOKI

The career of Viscount Siuzo Aoki, who recently died, was in a way an epitome of the modern history of Japan.

He was the son of a village physician, born more than seventy years ago, at a time when the members of that profession were going through the same struggles for social standing which their predecessors passed in Europe two or three centuries ago. Aoki studied law and political science in the University of Tokyo, and was sent to Germany by his feudal lord for further study. A few years later he was recalled to Japan, and, after receiving instructions from the Home Government, he was sent back to Berlin as Minister, being one of the youngest diplomats ever appointed to Germany. In 1385 he became Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, and on the retirement of Count Okuma he became Minister of Foreign Affairs, his most important work in that position being the conduct of negotiations for the revision of treaties which Japan had made with the different foreign powers. In 1892 he again went to Germany as Minister, and two years later he was transferred to London. While holding that position he married a German lady of great social prominence; there was much opposition to the marriage, which, however, proved to be a very happy one. In 1899 Aoki was again called home and made a Privy Councilor, and six years later he was appointed as the first Japanese Ambassador to Washington.

Viscount Aoki made many friends in this country, chief of whom, from the standpoint of official importance, was President Roosevelt, whose confidence he won to the fullest extent. He was regarded at home as one of the most experienced members of the very able corps of diplomats by whom Japan is represented in the various countries. His advancement, like that of the present Japanese Ambassador in Washington, Viscount Chinda, was due to extraordinary intellectual energy and ability.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY

The French Academy has just held two elections. It has chosen M. Henri Bergson to the chair made vacant by the death of Émile Ollivier, and M. Alfred Capus to the chair made vacant by the death of Henri Poincaré.

Most men have long regarded M. Bergson's election as proper and eventually inevitable. Professor of Philosophy at the Collège de France since 1900, he has both by his personality and by his philosophical system produced a powerful impression alike on academic and on public opinion. This was specially seen a year ago in this country, where M. Bergson lectured with notable

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success. Many Americans supposed that he was already a member of the Academy. Often called "the greatest Jewish philosopher since Spinoza," the delay in his election may have been due in some degree to his racial origin, and perhaps also to those who have felt that his philosophical theories have not yet been sufficiently tested.

As the new Academician must signalize his first occupancy of his seat by pronouncing a eulogy on the previous occupant, much interest will be taken in hearing or reading what M. Bergson will have to say concerning Ollivier, Napoleon III's Premier, and author of that monumental work "L'Empire Libéral." No little amusement, however, has been excited by the fact that M. Capus, the playwright, must deliver an oration on Poincaré, the mathematician! And this is not all.

If M. Capus were a great and serious dramatist, the case might not be so absurd, but, as a matter of fact, he is the writer of light and laughable comedies of contemporary Parisian life. Poincaré, on the other hand, was a profound scientist. It seems a pity that some one else could not have been chosen to make the Poincaré address, and M. Capus's election deferred until the time comes to fill the seat of Jules Claretie, a name notable in the annals of the Paris stage. However, no Frenchman will be surprised if the clever M. Capus avails himself of the opportunity to accomplish what would certainly be a daring *tour de force*.

A FAMOUS CRIMINOLOGIST

Alphonse Bertillon, who died in Paris last week, was known all over the world as the perfecter of a system of identification dependent upon exact physical measurements, and in especial of finger-prints. At first his system was regarded as that of a theorist and a faddist, but it was capable of scientific demonstration, and, with variations, is in use in all great police headquarters.

Bertillon was interested not merely in anthropometry, but in anthropology in the large sense, in ethnography, and in photography, and he was also an expert in handwriting. It was in the last capacity that he appeared in the famous Dreyfus case, where his testimony that Dreyfus's handwriting as shown in letters was the same as that of the famous *bordereau* helped to convict Dreyfus on his first trial—unjustly, as the world came later to believe.

Bertillon was for thirty years at the head of the Paris Bureau of Identification. He published many important books and monographs on the subjects in which he was an authority. A writer in The Outlook about a year ago, after describing in an interesting way the practical working of Bertillon's system as described by him in his own office, declared that his success was due to his infinite capacity for taking pains in the perfection of his system, and quoted him as saying that it had been less difficult to invent the method than to get it accepted and correctly used.

BRAVE ABBÉ LEMIRE

For over twenty years Abbé Lemire has been a member of the French Chamber of Deputies. There have always been priest Deputies in the Chamber, and sometimes bishop Deputies.

Two years ago Abbé Gayraud, member for Brest, died. The Church did not seek to replace him with another priest. Pope Pius X does not believe in ecclesiastical candidacies in political elections. The Church, under his influence, had evidently decided to end a tradition as old as the Chamber itself.

Emphasis has now been given to such a decision. Abbé Lemire lives in the diocese of the Bishop of Lille, and has been supposed to be "behind" a newspaper published there. Because of the newspaper's alleged unjust criticisms of the Bishop, that prelate called upon the editor, not only to apologize, but also to promise no longer to support Abbé Lemire. Otherwise, excommunication! The editor refused obedience and was excommunicated.

The Bishop then required Abbé Lemire to submit to episcopal authority and to disown his liberal opinions, under penalty of being suspended from his holy office.

The day following, the Abbé replied by going to a meeting of the Union Républicaine, where he made an address explaining his conviction that, though a priest, his religious chiefs could not and must not control his political conceptions and actions, and that, in particular, he could not disavow a newspaper which had defended him or repudiate a policy which he deemed legitimate.

A striking proof of the esteem in which Abbé Lemire is held by his fellow-Deputies has been his election as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Chamber. He is sixty

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years old. He has long been an interesting bond between Church and State in France. Will that bond now be snapped ?

THE LYNCHING RECORD

Among the grimmest of the statistics annually published in the newspapers is the record of lynchings. Booker T. Washington, Principal of the Tuskegee Institute, recently declared in a letter to The Outlook that only fifty-one Negroes were lynched during 1913, the smallest number reported since 1885, the first year in which an accurate account was kept. The Chicago "Tribune," whose lynching record has always till last year been accepted as authentic by the Tuskegee Institute, reports only forty-eight of these gruesome crimes during the year just ended, while, on the other hand, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, editor of the "Crisis," a magazine dedicated to the service of the black race, claims that seventy-five of his people were hanged by mobs in 1913. However, as Dr. Du Bois has accepted as authoritative the Chicago "Tribune's" figures for the years prior to 1913, his statistics for that year can hardly be admitted for purposes of comparison. Furthermore, he is in agreement with all other statisticians in admitting that decade by decade these outrages against Negroes are steadily decreasing.

Last year, as always, the innocence of a number of men was proved after they had been put to death without a trial. It is also noteworthy that lynchings have largely ceased to be committed for the crime with which they are usually associated in the public mind, and of the fifty-one victims of Judge Lynch for 1913 reported by Dr. Washington only ten, or a little more than twenty per cent, were guilty or accused of rape. These fifty-one lawless killings were divided among thirteen Southern and two Western States, with Georgia and Mississippi first and second on the roster of disgrace.

It is worth remembering that only recently in America has lynching been peculiarly a crime against the black race. In the eighties and nineties whites by the hundred were put to death in this way, as many as one hundred and six being lynched in 1885. Last year only one white man was hanged without trial.

More Negroes have been lynched in recent years for murder or suspicion of murder than for any other cause, but, according to the Negro Year Book, published at Tuskegee, black men have also been lynched for such offenses as "jilting a girl, unpopularity, being troublesome, bad reputation, drunkenness, writing letter to white woman, asking white woman in marriage, refusing to give evidence, giving evidence, introducing smallpox, and throwing stones."

The decline in the annual number of lynchings, Dr. Washington says, "is gratifying, and indicates the possibility of a time when no individual will be put to death without due process of law. If all people, black and white, will work together in a courageous manner, I feel quite sure that this time can soon be brought to pass."

CHINA AND THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

China has great wealth in gold, silver, coal, copper, and oil. One of the signs of a new era is that the Chinese Republic, under its President, Yuan Shi-kai, is not only realizing the possibilities of wealth that lie in hitherto undeveloped natural resources, but that it has taken a striking means of developing them.

As to oil, the Standard Oil Company has been many years in China, doing business with the consumer only. It has emancipated itself from the old plan of business through large wholesale merchants, and has established its own selling agencies with the Chinese, even in the farthest interior. This business system has been admired by the Chinese Government, and it now invites the Company's aid in developing the production of oil.

That work is to be undertaken by a Chinese-American organization in which the Standard Oil Company is to hold the majority control. Thus the Chinese Government becomes a kind of junior partner having a minor share in the profits of development. The Standard Oil Company, it is also announced, gets the right of exploration and development in the northern provinces—the privilege of building railway and pipe lines, in addition to the sinking of oil wells, the establishment of warehouses, storage tanks, and all that accompanies oil development. The Government guarantees control of all lands needed for this development, and will give these to the company.

The Chinese Government thus avails itself of perhaps the most efficient industrial organ-

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ization in the world. Not in many years could the Chinese build up such an organization.

The arrangement outlined above should do much not only to develop one particular source of Chinese wealth, but also to increase American commercial prestige in China. How wise it is for China to tie resources of such magnitude to one company is another question.

WHAT NEW YORK CITY HAS DONE

Mr. Robert Fulton Cutting, a foremost citizen of New York City, has long been known for his efficient work in the city's proper development. As chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Bureau of Municipal Research he has especially shown his influence.

According to Mr. Cutting, more men have been working in more different ways and from more different angles, and giving more of their time to improve the New York City government, than is the case in any other municipality in the world. An indication of this comes in a statement issued by Mr. Cutting showing what informed co-operation between city officials and public-spirited citizens can accomplish.

Sixteen forward steps were taken by New York City in 1913. They were, says Mr. Cutting:

1. Subway settlement.
2. The scientific preparation of a city budget.
3. School progress—the harmonious understanding between the Board of Estimate and the Board of Education, due to a possession of facts heretofore lacking, an understanding which will go far towards obtaining better returns from school funds.
4. Police progress, particularly the report of the Curran Committee. The facts and recommendations resulting from this study will serve citizen and officer alike as a means of testing police efficiency. . . .
5. Hospital and health studies—and here "new facts disclosed the need of reorganization of public out-patient service, of the dietary of the city hospitals, and of food for inspection and typhoid protection as the result of detailed analyses."
6. Establishment of the Municipal Reference Library.
7. A start on the standardization of salaries and grades.
8. Punishment and prevention of arson.
9. The scientific test of the cost of lighting public buildings.
10. The clearing-house for the feeble-minded.
11. Noteworthy reduction in the city's death rate.
12. Municipal campaign on the primary issue of efficiency.
13. Restoration of ocean beaches and city streets to public use.
14. Governor Glynn's demand for efficiency in State government, which is bound to help efficiency in city government.
15. Passage of a home rule bill, which, however defective, prepares the way for a true home rule charter.
16. The Whitman administration—not merely the part taken by District Attorney Whitman in the police investigation or in the punishment of arson, but "his record, the standard he has set for other District Attorneys to follow."

WHAT NEW YORK CITY HAS TO DO

Concerning administrative progress in 1914, Mr. Cutting would naturally have, first, an energetic use of last year's legacies of information and unfinished work—that is to say, for instance, the building code should be revised; the food inspection and typhoid protection branches of the Health Department should be reorganized; the results of the police school should be employed; impetus should be given to standardizing of grades and salaries; stimulation should be given to the use by employees and officials of the Municipal Reference Library; examinations should be required for people in the exempt class, even in the few cases where there may be excuse for not inviting general competition, etc.

Further, Mr. Cutting mentions certain other things to be done. They are:

1. The establishment of central garages for official automobiles.
2. The establishment of central repair shops.
3. The extension of central testing laboratories.
4. The standardization of tools and equipment.
5. A comprehensive study during the first three months of the present administration to show obstructions to efficiency.
6. The working day, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., to include expert and technical service.
7. Installation of time records everywhere.
8. Restoration of Central Park.
9. Weeding out incompetents by using the probation periods of six months in the Police Department and three months in the rest of the civil service.
10. Establishing the proposition laid down by the courts that veterans are entitled to "preference, not maintenance."
11. The use of patrolmen for sanitary and other inspections not incompatible with police duties.
12. The holding of not less than monthly conferences of department heads to secure team work.

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13. The immediate starting of training forces for health, fire, and police systems.
14. The revival of efficiency in the office of the Commissioner of Accounts.

But the need of needs is publicity. Mr. Cutting indicates that insufficient publicity has been given not only to the working papers of the Commissioner of Accounts, but also to the records of the Health and Police Departments, the Corporation Counsel, and the City Chamberlain to protect the Mayor, to say nothing of protecting the public.

New York City's population now amounts to about five millions. It costs the city nearly $200,000,000 a year to take care of those people. They should have fullest information concerning civic methods. If Mr. Cutting has his way, they will have. Strength to his elbow!

A SNOWFALL AND THE SCHOOLS

The other day, after a heavy fall of snow, the question was raised in the schools of a certain community, "What is the effect of this snowfall?" The children soon showed that it interfered with communication and traffic; that, if allowed to melt and freeze, it was dangerous to life and limb; and that, when it lay in dirty heaps, it was bad for health and marred the beauty of the city.

Then came the question, "Who cleans the snow from the streets?" The reply was, "The Street-Cleaning Department of the city government." "Who cleans the sidewalks?" "Not the government, but each dweller in a house," was the answer. Then the children were asked to observe on their way home how many walks were cleaned. The next day they reported that many were still uncleaned. "Were the citizens left to their own discretion in this matter?" the teacher inquired. "No; a city law commands them to clean their walks." Then certain paragraphs from the law were written on the blackboard. Why was the law not obeyed? Why was it not enforced? Do we respect law in general, if a particular law is habitually disregarded? There was a discussion regarding these queries. Then the suggestion was made that Neighborhood Clubs be formed in the interest of clean walks. Through the school talk the newspapers became interested. So did civic organizations. The whole forms a practical lesson in civics.

It is gratifying that schools are taking up this study in such practical ways. In Cleveland, for instance, city problems are being actually and practically worked out in the biology courses. In Indianapolis a course in "Community Arithmetic" has been introduced in the elementary schools. In Kansas City, Kansas, the study of civics is being pursued in the high school course in chemistry, and high school pupils have been employed in the municipal laboratories in making analyses of water and milk.

Another step in advance is that the Federal Bureau of Education has arranged with the National Municipal League for more effective civic training in our schools by appointing the secretary of the League's Committee on Civic Education a collaborator in the Bureau at Washington. He will have an office there, acting as the Bureau's specialist in this field. Thus greater interest should be stimulated in this subject, both among educators and the public generally.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CHILDREN

Do Americans care enough for the welfare of American children to invoke for their protection the governmental powers they have invoked for the protection of commercial and financial interests?

Whether the United States will use its Federal power to diminish the evils of child labor is not a question of Constitutionality but merely a question of will. Congress has power enough if it wishes to exercise it.

The real obstacle to effective legislation to restrict inter-State commerce in the products of child labor is not any valid Constitutional objection—it is the special interest of those who profit by child labor.

A few years ago there was a bill before Congress which invoked the Federal power over inter-State commerce so as to make the production of goods by child labor practically impossible on any large scale. This bill was called the Beveridge Bill, because it was introduced and advocated by Senator Beveridge. There was a great outcry against it on the ground that it was unconstitutional. And yet exactly the same powers which that bill invoked have been exercised for the benefit of the jewelry trade! In other words, it is perfectly Constitutional to use the Federal power over foreign and inter-State commerce to benefit those who make a profit from a special industry, but not to benefit the children who are made to carry burdens

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in many kinds of industry! The mere statement of this proposition is its own answer.

There is now before Congress another bill which has been introduced by Mr. Palmer, a prominent Democratic Representative from Pennsylvania. It invokes exactly the same power that the Beveridge Bill invoked. It applies that power in a different way, possibly a better way; but it has discovered no new power. Now that the bill bears a Democratic name we trust that the Democrats in Congress will see a new light.

The argument that this bill does not really regulate inter-State commerce, but only pretends to do so while really regulating industrial processes, has no basis in fact. If it were not for inter-State commerce in the products of child labor there would be no need for Federal action. It is because those States which have high standards cannot help themselves against the competition of States with low standards that the problem of child labor is a problem of inter-State commerce.

Some day a Federal Child Labor Bill restricting inter-State commerce in the products of child labor will be passed. It ought to have been passed long ago.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE REST OF THE WORLD

The international relations of the United States were made the subject of serious discussion in the Senate last week; and there have been indications of late that the Senate and the country are awakening to the fact that those relationships need looking after. A good many members of Congress as well as a great many of their constituents do not seem to realize that the United States is no longer in isolation, taking its own way in the world without reference to the interests or opinions of others. That day ended when the Treaty of Paris was signed. The United States has become a member of the family of nations; not because it chose to forsake the counsels of the fathers, but because in the inevitable development of the modern world it was impossible that it should pursue a policy of isolation. Entering, as it has, into competition with and claiming its share of the commerce of the modern world, it has been compelled to assume the responsibilities of a participant in world-wide trade.

Last June The Outlook pointed out the fact that the United States had chilled the friendship of several great nations. It has offended Russia, Germany, England, and Japan, and in every case it has done so unnecessarily. Exercising its sovereign powers, it has by its manner of exercising those powers given grave offense. Senator Lodge, speaking in the Senate last week, reiterated this point.

The debate in the Senate which called forth this utterance from Senator Lodge was in some respects very unworthy of a body of men to whose utterances great responsibility attaches. It was unpardonable for Mr. Bristow, for instance, without a scintilla of evidence, to insinuate that railway interests have induced the President to violate the plank in the Democratic platform assuring free tolls to coastwise shipping. And Senator O'Gorman, with curious lack of humor, took occasion to charge the Carnegie Peace Foundation with "sinister and corrupt" purposes. He declared, if newspaper reports are to be trusted, that its object was to promote, not international peace, but an Anglo-Saxon alliance. One of his colleagues endeavored to excuse Senator O'Gorman's foolish remarks, utterly out of place in the United States Senate, on the ground that he was "a loyal Irishman." The United States does not want "loyal Irishmen" in its chief deliberative body; it wants loyal Americans; and, moreover, it wants Americans who have some sense of the dignity of their position and of the responsibilities which go with such a position and ought to govern the utterances of United States Senators.

Senator Lodge, in a strong, clear statement, recognized that the country is in "the unfortunate and unhappy position of incurring the active dislike of many nations instead of the friendship which she once possessed, and the distrust of many more." This country cannot be an outlaw among nations. It cannot, for instance, ask of the great Powers to give it a free hand in Mexico, to allow it to work out its policy in that country without interference, although the interests of many foreign subjects are involved, and at the same time pursue in its relations with those countries an ungenerous policy. Secretary Hay once said of certain Senators who attempted to defeat every treaty presented to the Senate that their idea of a treaty was a document which gained everything for the United States and gave nothing to the other party. The tendency of this country has been to say to the other coun-

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tries, "Go to the devil if you do not go with us;" a policy which would in the long run involve a general exodus in that direction.

The foreign relations of this country ought to be governed by the same sense of justice, the same regard for human rights, that the country is trying to enforce in its domestic relations. It is impossible to carry out progressive policies looking to the establishment of social justice on this continent and enforce a selfish, short-sighted policy towards the rest of the world without bringing the Nation into contempt; nor can the country go on neglecting its foreign relations and allowing matters to drift without getting into serious danger. Senator Root's reminder that in international relations courtesy is an element of as great consequence as principle needs to be taught to the American people, many of whom instinctively assume an insolent attitude when any other nation makes any request or even suggestion to this country.

The United States has a perfect right to fix the qualifications of citizenship in its territory and the conditions under which land can be held, but it ought to do this with courtesy and regard for the feelings of other countries. It has a perfect right to insist that its citizens traveling abroad shall enjoy the freedom of travel insured by treaties between all first-class Powers; but it ought to enforce that right with due consideration for the traditions, conditions, and feelings of the country with which it is dealing. It has a right to determine what its tariff shall be, what duties it shall levy, but it ought not to act in such matters as if it were the only party interested. It has a perfect right to determine what tolls shall be paid for the use of an interocean canal which it has built at great expense, but it has no right to disregard provisions of agreements into which it has entered. In a word, the United States cannot conduct itself as if it were independent of all other Powers. It is not, and it ought not to be. It is one of a family of nations. It has to deal with the welfare of the globe. It must recognize its responsibilities, and it must act like a neighbor.

In calling the attention of Congress, through its leaders on foreign relations, to the responsibilities of the United States toward its neighbors, the President has acted with wisdom at a time when wisdom on this subject is doubly welcome.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Since the death of my beloved wife, I have been told "many times and oft" that I outght not to mourn her departure so deeply— hat she is happy in her home in heaven, and that I would surely meet her after I departed from this life. In every instance I have replied in substance as the late Senator Cullom states his views in his Memoirs: "I have no great fear of death. . . . I certainly wishbeyond any words I have power to express that I could have greater assurance that there will be a reuniting with those we love and those who have loved us in some future world, but from my reading of the Scriptures, and even admitting there is a hereafter, I cannot find any satisfactory evidence to warrant such a belief. Could I believe that I could meet the loved ones who have gone before, I do not know but that I should look forward with pleasure to the 'passing across.' Not having this belief, I am content to stay here until I am called hence."

We have two sources for our belief respecting the future—the Scriptures and philosophy.

There is little reason to believe that the Old Testament writers believed in personal immortality. If they did, their belief was certainly very shadowy, vague, and unsatisfactory. It was Jesus Christ who brought life and immortality to light. His disciples certainly believed in personal immortality, in the recognition of friends, in the future life, and in their memory of earthly conditions. The disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration recognized Moses and Elijah. The saying of Jesus to the penitent thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise," and to his disciples, "Where I am, there ye may be also," would be unmeaning if there was to be no recognition of him in the other world. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews declares that in our earthly race we are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses whose recognition of their earthly friends involves their personal knowledge of what we are doing. The message in the parable of Abraham to the rich man, "Son, remember," clearly indicates that the past history and the present condition of life on the earth are known to the dead and clearly implies a personal immortality which carries with it personal recognition. Paul's statement, "Now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face," cannot be true if we do not understand one another better in the future life than in this. The book of Revelation, and especially its reported chorals of praise, clearly indicate that kind of community of life which is impossible

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without personal recognition. In short, the whole New Testament in its dealing with the future life takes the recognition of friends for granted.

There is not space here to restate the philosophical argument for personal immortality. It must suffice to say that it is impossible to maintain a doctrine of personality and eliminate memory of the past and personal recognition of the realities of the present. This ability on my part to remember my past and identify myself with it and to recognize my friends of the past by their personal qualities is essential to a normal personality. When this is lost, as it sometimes is in certain forms of mental disease, all that is valuable in personality is lost. The ability to recognize a friend is greatly aided by the sight of his face and the sound of his voice. But these are not essential to such recognition. If they were, Helen Keller could have no friends. There is possible a spiritual recognition; the voice and the face are only interpreters of this spiritual recognition. "Spirit with spirit can meet."

What can be said to one whose dear friend died suddenly in an accident, and had never acknowledged Christ to be his Master?

For the notion that there is no opportunity for repentance beyond the grave neither the Bible nor philosophy gives any warrant. The general declaration of the Bible, running through it from cover to cover, is that the mercy of God endures forever. This statement is made explicitly over and over again in the Old Testament. It is the repeated refrain in several of the Psalms; see especially Psalm 136. To deny it is to deny the statement of Christ that he will judge the world, and the statement of the Apostle that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It is to deny such statements as that of Isaiah, that if the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and return unto the Lord, the Lord will have mercy upon him; and such statements as that of Ezekiel: "When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; if he turn from his sin, and do that which is lawful and right; , . . none of his sins that he hath committed shall be remembered against him." This notion is equally against the teachings of life. God, says Christ, is our Father. No father would be worthy of the name who should refuse forgiveness to a child who sincerely repented, and sincerely desired to live a life of loyalty and love in his father's home. I should say, therefore, to such a person, You have an absolute right to believe that the mercy of God is infinite and to trust your friend to the infinite mercy of a Father who loves your friend with a patience and a persistence, a depth and a tenderness, of love far surpassing yours.

To me Jesus Christ was the one perfect man sent unto this world as a great teacher to show us by his life how we should live. Is it right to worship him as God?

We are like those who should find themselves on shipboard upon an unknown ocean, not knowing whence we have come, whither we are going, or who is our commander. We need this knowledge in order to know how we should live. Jesus Christ answers these three questions. He tells us whence we have come. We are the offspring of God; he is our Father because we have come from him and are made in his image. He tells us who our Father is, not merely, not mainly, by his words, but by his character. God is spirit, and pure spirit is invisible to us and incomprehensible by us. That God may make himself known to us he dwells in and manifests himself through human experience, and pre-eminently in and through the life and experience of Jesus Christ, who is "God manifest in the flesh"—that is, the supremest manifestation of God possible in a human life. And Jesus tells us what is the predestined end of our voyage. It is that we may be like him, may possess his spirit here and hereafter, and may share with him in the glory of his divine character. If we pray to Jesus Christ, as I do without any hesitation, it is because in Jesus Christ I see the God who is unseen and would be unknown but for this human manifestation of himself.

Is cremation Christian burial?

Of course cremation is not burial. We assume that your question means: Is cremation a Christian method of disposing of the body? I do not see that Christ's teaching gives any answer to this question. Cremation is neither Christian nor un-Christian, but it is an entirely proper and legitimate method of disposing of the body, and certainly in our towns and cities much more considerate of the welfare of the living than burial. The body has finished its functions at death. Do what we will, it will speedily dissolve into its original elements. Or, if we are able scientifically to preserve it, it is only as a mummy, a

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grotesque and horrible travesty of its original form. The pagan notion that the immortality of the soul depends upon the preservation of the body ought to have no place in Christian thoughts or Christian sentiments.

In the parable of the unjust steward, Luke xvi. 9, Jesus counsels his disciples to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. What does this mean?

The meaning is interpreted correctly in the Revised Version: "Make to yourselves friends *by means* of the mammon of unrighteousness." The meaning of the parable may be briefly stated thus: If it was shrewd for an unscrupulous steward to use his master's money to make friends for himself among his master's tenants, much more is it wise for the servants of God to use their Master's means for the benefit of their Master's children, for whose benefit those means have been intrusted to his servants by their Master.

Again and again in your writings you say that Jesus Christ likened himself to children dancing in the market-place. What Jesus did say (Matthew xi. 16) was this: "Whereunto shall I liken this generation? *It* is like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented"—meaning, I take it, that no one could please them, since he goes on to say, "For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, He hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber, and a friend of publicans and sinners." I have seen enough to know that card-playing and dancing completely rout spirituality, and I have never seen a card-player or dancer who was a soul-saver. I know that if young people fill up their lives with this trash there will be no room for the worth-while, never-dying things, and I should like very much to know the chapter and verse which you have often used to uphold worldly amusements, quoting Jesus as saying that *He* was like "children dancing in the market-place." L. K. W.

I do not think I have ever said that Jesus likened himself to children dancing in a market-place. What I have said is, that Jesus likened himself to one playing in the market-place that children might dance to his music. It seems to be clear, taking the passage in its entirety and including all that you have quoted, in order from the sixteenth to and including the nineteenth verse, that Jesus compares John to the one who has mourned unto the children and himself to the one who has piped unto the children. I may add here what I have said in my commentary on Matthew in interpreting this passage: "Dancing in that age was radically different from the modern dance; it is, however, worthy of note that Christ implies its common use as a recreation, and incidentally compares his gospel to a call to the dance, as it is elsewhere compared to an invitation to a feast (Luke xiv. 16–24)."

In my judgment, what Christians should do is to attempt, not to put a stop to all worldly amusement, but to recognize the fact that young and old, and in some sense especially the young, need as well as desire amusements, and must not be prohibited from engaging in them, but should be guided into those amusements which are legitimate and healthful. LYMAN ABBOTT.

ASIA AND AMERICA

The juxtaposition of the two words Asia and America is revolutionary, but not more revolutionary than the changes of condition which have brought the ends of the earth together. Three centuries ago the journey to the East was an adventure full of many kinds of peril from which, if a man escaped, he might return in two or three years; yesterday that trip was a matter of months; to-day, if the traveler takes the northern route and makes a close connection, he can go from New York to Yokohama in fourteen or fifteen days. Tokyo is nearer than San Francisco was forty years ago. Distance is no longer a matter of miles, but of time; stations are now being built for a round-the-world wireless service. In a word, the gulf which once separated Asia from America has been bridged, and the phrases "Far East" and "Far West" have become mere geographical expressions. The East and the West have steadily come nearer until they are neighbors.

This erasure of the old barriers which separated the two sections of the globe from one another is not yet realized by many Americans, nor is the immense change which has taken place in the East—a change so radical and far-reaching as to constitute a transformation. This ignorance is widespread and is dangerous; public men are dealing with nations whose present condition and future power they do not understand, and with international relations of the delicacy and importance of which they seem to have only a rudimentary idea. There are many

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well-meaning Americans to whom all foreign nations are objects of suspicion; these good people are unaware that in most foreign countries Americans are regarded as self-seeking, untrustworthy, and vulgar. Individual Americans are very highly regarded, but the American Nation is believed to be aggressive, domineering, unscrupulous, and lacking in the sense of honor. Conscious of the injustice of this view of American character, we ought to guard ourselves against those feelings of suspicion and antagonism toward other countries which are made possible here and abroad by provincial ignorance. When a member of Congress, in a debate in the House of Representatives, can speak of "the Japanese and their pigtails," it is evident that there are sections in which the schoolmaster's task is not finished.

This lack of knowledge of the transformation of the East and its rise to power is the more significant in this country because Americans have had so large a share in these changes. The great part played by American colleges and schools in the recent history of Turkey has been pointed out many times since the Young Turk revolution in that country. The influence of American example and teaching has contributed mightily to the reconstruction of China, and men educated in this country have played a great part in the reconstruction of the Government. It has been said that going about among the most influential officers of state in Peking is very much like going about New Haven when the alumni are in town.

It is not too much to say that the entire modern history of Japan has been imposed upon that country. We forced her, at the cannon's mouth, to re-enter the community of nations, and at the very beginning Townsend Harris, who drew the first treaty made by Japan with a foreign country, expressed the fear that we had destroyed an ancient and in many respects an idyllic civilization. After the United States has forced Japan to abandon a policy of exclusion which had lasted nearly three hundred years, and compelled her to open her doors to Americans, there are men in this country who wish to bar the gates, not only against a host of Japanese, but against the individual Japanese! After the United States has contributed largely to the overthrow of the old order in China, there are Americans who would exclude all Asiatics from this continent. This is certainly a curious view of international responsibilities.

From the standpoint of even elementary ethics this country, which has assumed the responsibility of waking up the East, ought to give it helpful friendship and loyal co-operation. If the men who are leading a movement which would reverse the far-seeing and generous American policy in the East, interpreted by Perry and Harris and many other able men in Japan, and by Burlingame and Hay in China, and substitute fear and suspicion for friendliness and courtesy, could understand the value of the friendship which the large-minded and humane policy of the National Government has fostered in the East and its importance in the near future, they would be the first to oppose it as un-American, unchristian, and short-sighted.

The pathetic feature of this anti-Asiatic agitation, with its fostering of race prejudice and international distrust, is that it is entirely unnecessary. The flow of emigration from East to West can be regulated by diplomatic action between the Governments in friendly conference, and ought to be regulated in that way because that is the civilized way of dealing with such matters. If the German Government should adopt stringent and drastic legislation affecting the interests of American residents in Germany, as the Russian Government did in the matter of American travelers in Russia, without consulting our Government or recognizing its interest in the welfare of Americans in that country, can any one doubt the indignant protest which the Government and people of the United States would make? Technically, the sovereign power of Russia over conditions of citizenship and property-holding might be beyond question; but, in international as in personal relations, there are not only technical rights; there are sensibilities, feelings, the sense of dignity. No people are more sensitive to attitude and manner of treatment than Americans; none would be quicker to resent any kind of slight.

The sooner we rid ourselves of any lingering provincial feeling of superiority, the sooner shall we take the leadership in international affairs which the genius of our free popular life not only fits us for but imposes on us. In dealing with the Eastern peoples we are dealing with our equals; they understand as clearly as we the necessity for control and limitation of emigration; we can gain the protection we need without disregard of feelings and sensibilities of nations as proud and sensitive as ourselves.

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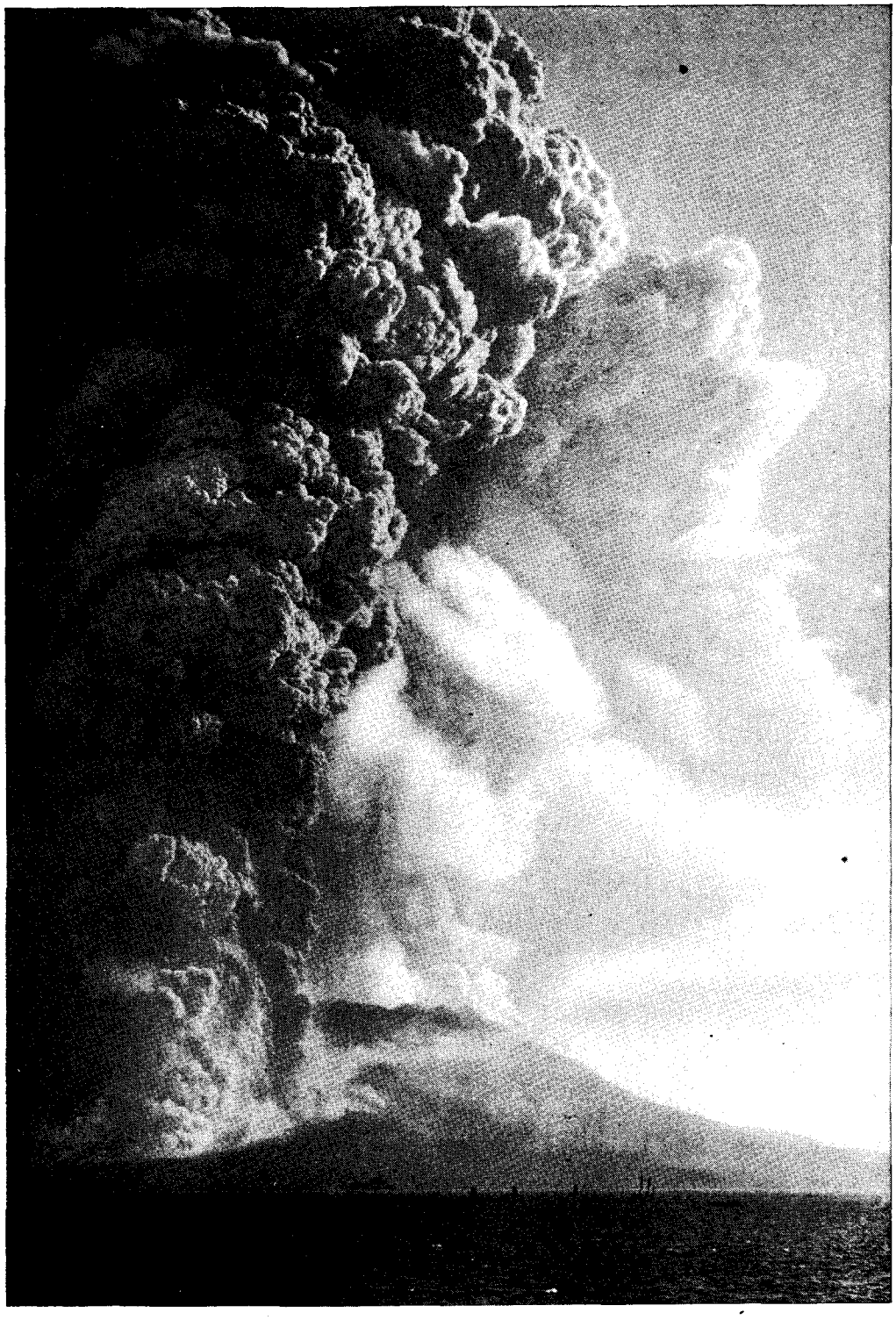

THE GREAT ERUPTION OF SAKURAJIMA, JAPAN, ON JANUARY 12

The volcano is two miles distant from the city of Kagoshima. This remarkable photograph was taken from that city, many of whose inhabitants were flying in terror at the time

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THE STORY OF KAGOSHIMA

AN ACCOUNT, BY AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE RECENT VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN JAPAN

BY THEODORE ROBERT HOYER

TWENTY-ONE thousand peasants on the ever-green island of Sakurajima, at the head of Kagoshima Bay in southern Kyushu, Japan, had greeted the new year with true Oriental reverence and piety by hanging straw prayers in front of their modest mud huts. They had asked for nothing more on that great Japanese festival day than a continued state of prosperity on their little island kingdom in Satsuma. But this year is the year of the tiger in Japan, and fiercely has the tiger already shown his savage nature. To the famines in northern Japan has been added a still greater calamity. The harmless somnolent island of Sakurajima (cherry island) suddenly awoke, and a tremendous volcanic eruption deprived these twenty-one thousand peasants of homes, properties, and farms. To-day this mountain island is an imposing heap of ash with a deep and dangerous crater yawning from its sleep of one hundred and thirty-five years, for in the year 1779 occurred the last eruption on this mountain.

According to Japanese folk-lore, Sakurajima was formed in a single night in 718 A.D., when it rose mysteriously out of the bay to a height of 3,800 feet. Since then the mountain has been active at various times, but during the last hundred years the old lava beds turned again into soil and the island became covered with forests and brush. It was a picture of rare beauty, an objective for travelers, the admiration of Satsuma, and the green-grocery of Kagoshima. Twenty-six miles in circumference, the island occupies a prominent, sentinel-like position two miles from the city of Kagoshima, a city which was the former home of the bravest warriors under the ancient feudal lords of Satsuma.

How this mountain-island was laid in ruins, and how earthquakes with accompanying panics depopulated for a time Kagoshima of its seventy thousand inhabitants, the writer will relate from his own experiences.

During a full day and night the inhabitants of Sakurajima and neighboring cities and villages for thirty miles around were warned by continuous earthquakes. These quakes were not serious, yet annoying and distracting. Very naturally, the people of southern Kyushu, and especially the citizens of Kagoshima, were high-strung and excited on the morning of January 12, when the center of the shocks was found to be near the city.

As usual, I had admired quiet and staid old Sakura out in the blue bay, a perfectly charming background for the quaint white sails of fishing-junks. No setting could have been more peaceful. On reaching school, I taught my eager twelve-year-old boys the word "earthquake" just as a violent shock swayed the building. The hour was no sooner ended than the entire school was in a riot. Up from the Kagoshima side of the mountain grew an immense cauliflower of ash clouds. One billow after another rolled aloft, and in a moment what seemed a giant pine tree stood forebodingly as if out of the water, spreading its branches and shadows over the entire island. Directly another grew from the far side of the mountain. The children screamed with amazement and delight, but grown-ups were struck speechless. Was it real or a dream? It was only too real. The roaring, thundering eruption was shaking the air like Gatling guns besieging a fort with a thousand shots a minute, and truly war, in Sherman's sense of the word, was on. Assembly calls of bugles gathered the school-children and dismissed them, thereby turning loose in the narrow streets thousands of youngsters whose cries mingled with the general exclamations of the populace.

Before stone Buddhas, earth gods, water gods, and the goddess of mercy the unenlightened knelt in prayer. Before the little shrines in their own gardens mothers clasped their hands and implored the spirits of their ancestors for protection. Holy worshipers hastened to the temples, there to appease the wrath of the mountain god Kompira, who was thundering in the distance. Holy *bonzes* interceded and prostrated themselves low before the divine Buddha.

On the water-front of Kagoshima *sampans* were already arriving with refugees. Many of these had seen the earth swell and fled

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before the surface broke. The majority, however, left the island only after the eruption began. Hundreds of *sampans* (the small Japanese fishing-boats) and several large passenger steamers carried on the work of rescue all day long, and Kagoshima harbor was a pitiful sight. Women separated from their beloved ones wept and cried, but none were hysterical. The *blasé*, unemotional East was put to the test, and proved true to its firm character. Yet there was a stir and a shouting of intense excitement. New arrivals would hardly wait for the boat to land before leaping out and telling the story of those left behind. Properties consisted almost wholly of bedding and clothing, and what poor stuff it was! Quilts, patched and repatched, faded and worn, and handed down from great-grandparents, were still doing service. An assortment of clogs accompanied every bundle of clothing. Rusty tin cans served as storage boxes for the family's treasures of hairpins, hair-oil, tobacco pouches, and pipes. The *hibachi*, a wooden brazier, was not forgotten. Truly, here was poverty. What could these poor farmers afford to lose? One old man clung frantically to a bird-cage. The little songster had cheered him in his old age, and his owner would not requite such kindness with desertion. The crippled, the halt, and the maimed were carried away on shoulders, and women in travail, caught unawares, were taken off the boats more dead than alive.

These twenty-one thousand destitutes may never be able to return to the island, which is now largely a barren, ashen, and cinerous hulk. Behind them they left their terraced vegetable fields and gardens, representing labor of a hundred years or more. Wonderful it is how these farmers climb up the mountain-side and wrest from its rocky soil a living for a large family. They left behind mud huts carefully thatched—their homes—horses, ponies, fowl, and swine. All of these, their lands and implements, were suddenly wiped away. Few of these unfortunates had relatives elsewhere. These islanders were a clan, with their own dialect. For a hundred years they had intermarried, and were now one large family, all of them earning their bread by sweat of brow. To-day they are scattered over the whole of Japan.

Those who were near the island on rescue missions compared the immediate scene to a Port Arthurian naval battle. Glowing masses of pumice fell around the boats like shells in a bombardment. Scoria all about hissed and steamed in the water. Boulders and rocks were hurled hundreds of feet in the air, only to drop back again into the fiery pits. Tremendous steam pressure was being released through molten rock, and the glowing, stringy substance fell slowly in showers to the earth. Villages were under a constant rain of fire, and soon the flames spread in the forests. The cloud of ash was by this time fully twelve thousand feet high.

In Kagoshima business was at a standstill, excepting for a run on the banks, which closed at noon that day. Refugees crouched forlornly on the steps of public buildings or walked the streets with their entire earthly possessions on their backs. Elderly women, bent with age, dragged themselves from shop to shop, not knowing where to go. They had probably never been off the island. Buddhist temples and Shinto shrine grounds were soon filled with the homeless. Carts were rattling through the city with big loads of bedding, and the entire population seemed to be moving. So it was. Those near the water-front were already escaping to the hills back of the city. A panic cry about serious inundations had somewhere arisen and those who could prepared early to avoid a flood. The railway station was jammed with the well-to-do who were more able to remove their families to distant places of safety. No first or second class tickets were sold. The disaster was a wonderful democratizer, and the banker and his coolies shared common seats. Meanwhile the poor began a long procession on country roads that led to nowhere. This procession lasted for two full days, and many knew not where they would eat or sleep.

Earthquakes were not so numerous now that the terrific force had found an outlet, but the concussions of air rattled continuously every window in town and hammered unmercifully on the *shoji*—the loose sliding doors of the lightly built Japanese houses. The noise of these unceasing blows, together with the increasing thunder from the volcano, was deafening. Many a sliding door dropped out from its socket and frightened people into the belief that their house was being shaken to pieces.

At noon the mountain was already hidden from view and ashes began to fall in Kagoshima, two miles across the bay. In the midst of uncertainty and darkness, with the volcano rumbling and thundering, a violent shock at half-past six set seventy thousand

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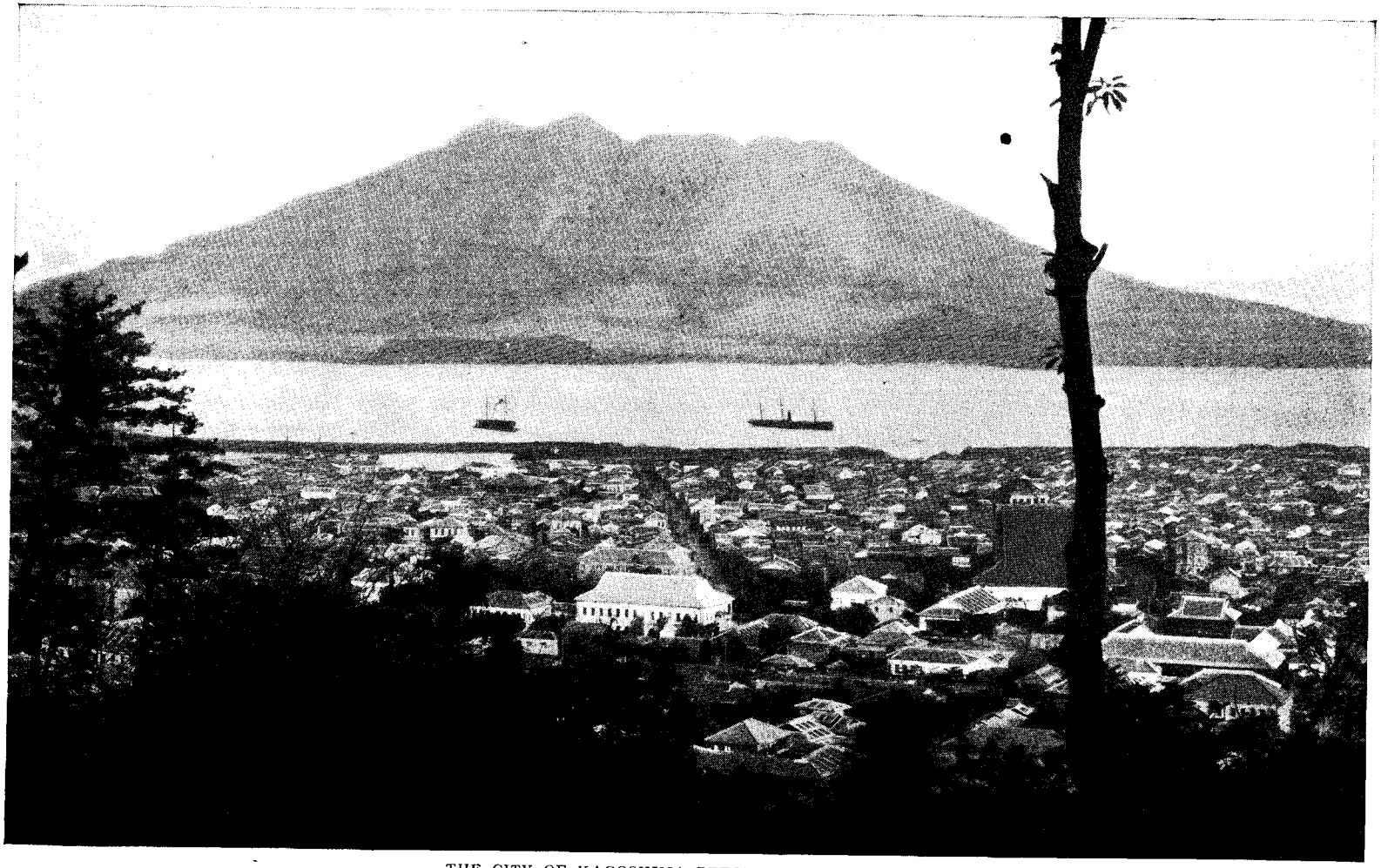

THE CITY OF KAGOSHIMA BEFORE THE ERUPTION

The volcanic island of Sakurajima lies just across the bay. The island is 26 miles in circumference, and its highest point, the volcano, is 3,800 feet in height

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people in a panic. A tidal wave of seven feet washed over about twenty feet of waterfront, upset boats, and drove seamen to distraction. It was not serious, yet a general alarm of a flood by the police spread like lightning through the city, and many timid and credulous citizens walked for miles and miles into the mountains, seriously believing that they were pursued by a flood. Storehouses were hastily filled with goods and sealed with mud plaster. Shops were nailed up and an escape made for life. Hundreds of stone walls which adorned the city tumbled to pieces; many of them fell in a solid mass into narrow streets and filled them entirely. Men, women, and children were caught and momentarily buried. Fifteen were killed and several score injured. Numerous shops crashed and spilled their valuable contents into the streets. Fire walls toppled over and fell through the roofs of neighboring houses. Roofs became tangled in electric wires and large cables were dragged from the poles. Stone facings of buildings dropped entirely away and left the bare wooden skeleton of uprights, laths, and plaster. Balustrades fell from bridges, waterpipes burst, and fissures of several inches rent the earth in places. On Shiroyama—castle hill—a beautiful hill towering high behind the city, several trees were uprooted and cutouts buried the paths. Railway traffic was stopped on account of twisted rails, and huge rocks were loosened from their nests on steep mountain-sides. For a week the post-office and telegraph officials camped in tents for fear that their stone homes would cave in. Telephone and telegraph connections were completely destroyed for several days. Above all, there was no light, and fires could not be lighted.

On the night of the quake I wandered through the panic-stricken city. People everywhere were leaving for the country. Opposite the city hospital, where there was open ground, were physicians, surgeons, nurses, and soldiers busily engaged bandaging wounds and fractures. Men with bloody heads lay on hastily improvised cots. Here lay a corpse, a victim of falling walls, and yonder several nurses were leaning over the body of an infant. Japanese lanterns swayed in the light breeze, and the full moon cast its pale light over the scene. From out of the distance Sakurajima was thundering.

What solemn, spectral-like group may that be coming along the silent moon-paved street? Alas! four soldiers are bearing a stretcher on their shoulders, and I recognize the motionless form of a child. Later in the evening not a soul slept indoors. Those who still remained in the city spread their mats in the street and spent a restless night. On Shiroyama poor refugees were huddled between the roots of giant camphor trees. In the streets below coolies sat about their *hibachi* before their masters' shops. I wondered what they thought about it all.

During this first night Sakurajima was exploding heavily, the loud detonations, like guns, echoing and re-echoing in the distant mountains. This drove the remaining population into the country, and consequently the next day was one of general exodus. Then the city streets, ordinarily too narrow to hold the crowds of Oriental cities, became absolutely silent and bare. One could look for miles without seeing more than three or four persons, and these were usually soldiers or policemen. The city was dead. Seventy thousand people had fled somewhere. But where?

Kagoshima's foreign population of twenty left early on the first day. Only two foreigners, Americans, remained. Missionaries who had never before traveled otherwise than by bicycle or jinrikisha found themselves trudging fifteen miles on country roads in dust and ash for the most convenient shelter. For several days they ran, walked, and crawled until they reached the railway. They lived on three bowls of rice eaten with two chopsticks, slept where they could, and belonged temporarily to the unshaved and the great unwashed. Missionary ladies were equal to the men in endurance. The writer visited a woman missionary's house and found the interior in confusion. Tables, chairs, bookcases, stove—almost everything was upset. She had taken to the road after the quake, but, unlike Lot's wife, never looked back.

Villages twenty miles from Kagoshima suddenly grew to populations of ten thousand, yet even from these natives made for places farther north. Exaggerated reports of lava streams destroying Kagoshima and of a new volcano rising from the sea had unloosed terror in the whole province of Satsuma. Tragical as the whole disaster was, the writer cannot help reflecting on his own security and comfort in the heart of Kagoshima, while the natives and his fellow-countrymen were in such distress.

The deserted city finally rested from the

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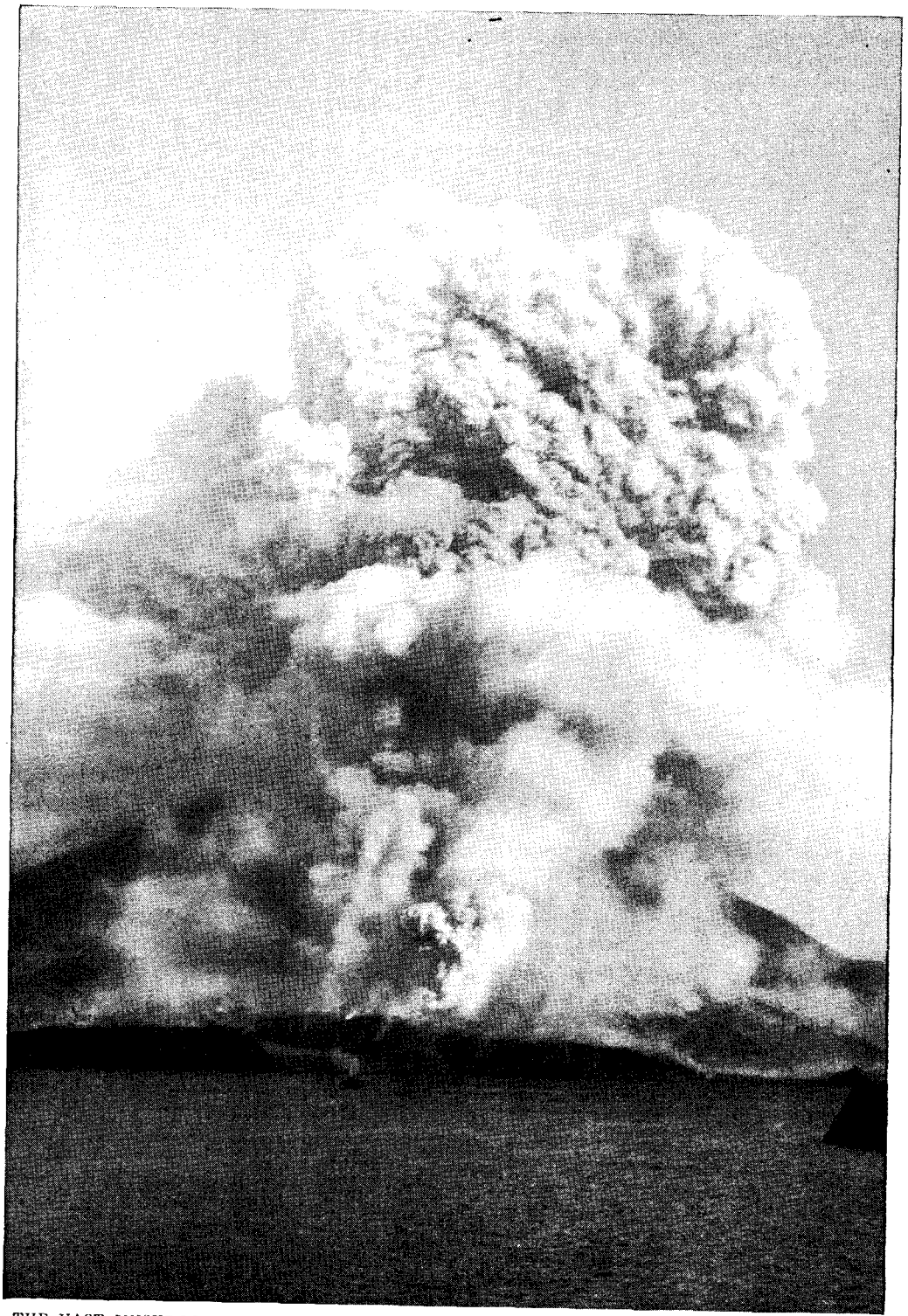

THE VAST MUSHROOM CLOUD THAT ACCOMPANIED ONE OF THE GREATEST LAVA FLOWS OF RECENT TIMES

Photographed from the city of Kagoshima

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second day's undoings. The full moon was beginning to light up the scene of disaster where no other light but lantern light was available. With dusk the red, glowing reflections over the crater became more and more distinctly visible, until the fiery pumice could be seen to shoot out in sky-rockets and myriads of stars. Over the mountain hung an immense dark cloud of ash, three times as high as the mountain itself, and the moon glared over it into the city. Through this cloud white lightning was crossing and crisscrossing in a thousand flashes. "See," exclaimed a native, "with deathly swords gods fighting are."

A loud, thunderous burst suddenly sent tons of fiery scoria from the bowels of the earth. Higher and higher this mass mounted, pushing its way through the clouds of ash and scattering them in all directions. It was a spurting fountain of fire, shooting upwards with tremendous force. Then this brilliant column fell, and from an incredible height tumbled like a vast Niagara of fire in wide streams onto the island and into the water. It was as though the heavens were pouring out their treasures of gold. Smaller fire-holes underneath were spouting black clouds, which appeared through the golden stream. Thus the tumbling fire seemed to strike rocky obstructions in these spurts and, like water, sent a fiery mist far into the night. Under these gigantic falls flowed sparkling cascades of fire towards the sea. They were rapids of raining ash, still red hot as they fell and struck. Huge quantities of glowing lava were aborted with great violence and shook the earth in the fall. These lava streams rushed like molten iron into ravines, filling them, solidifying, and piling up in fields of enormous dimensions.

The far-flying scoria kindled the villages and forests on the west side of the island, and before midnight the entire island was in flames. It might have been likened to an enormous caldron of smelted iron surrounded below by the blast of furnace flames. Only a handful of Kagoshima citizens saw this strange display of nature's forces. The lava flow, which at this writing has not yet ceased, was the first in Japan since 1890, when Bandai San, near famous Nikko, suddenly exploded, dammed a stream with mud lava and flooded the country. The pyrotechnic display of this famous night lasted for ten hours, when it gradually grew less spectacular. But even now, night after night, Sakurajima is a sight of splendor, with the glow from the crater and lava and the sky-rockets of pumice scattering in all directions.

On the third day I visited the island, and found it a ruin of ash. The lava was slowly crawling towards the sea, and finally did plunge into it with hisses and steam. For a mile square or more Kagoshima Bay was covered with a thick coat of pumice, which looked like a yellow field from a distance. It was with great difficulty that the *sampan* coolies rowed the boat through this thick layer of stone.

While Kagoshima was spared from a heavy fall of ash, nevertheless the clouds turned morning almost to night. This article is written by lamplight on an ash-darkened morning. Villages and towns twenty miles distant suffered severe hardships. The thickness of the ash varied from an inch to four feet. Of all things in the world, nothing looks more ruinous and desolate, more dreary and sad, than an ash-covered Japanese village.

After several days with mild, sunny weather but with the volcano still thundering, the escaped began to return. Many of them were heavy-hearted. Some viewed their business houses in wrecks, others mourned the loss of relatives and friends, but none complained. Marvelous it is how these Eastern nations suffer war, pestilence, famine, earthquakes, and floods, with great loss of life and property, and yet arise again from their fall as optimistic as before. Reverses do not seem to dishearten them. Stoically they face the disastrous elements and soliloquize, "Well, old world, that's what you are!"

Kagoshima, Japan, January 16, 1914.

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REMINISCENCES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK CITY SEVENTY YEARS AGO

I HAVE warned my readers that these papers are not history, but "reminiscences." But it so happens that I am able to insert at this point a little history which may serve both to confirm and to correct my reminiscences. Twenty years or so after my graduation I had occasion to make a somewhat careful study of the history of New York City. One result of that study was the description, which follows, of the city as it must have appeared to my father when he joined his brothers in establishing a school for girls in New York City in 1843.

"The rapid growth of the great metropolis was in some respects a disadvantage. It grew too rapidly to grow well. Its population in 1800 was 60,000. The Census of 1840 showed a population of 312,852. Republicanism has rarely been more severely tested. There was no lack of public spirit, but there was no forelooking to see what public interests demanded. No adequate changes had been made in the form of municipal government. Duties which the aldermen of a thriving town of fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants performed without difficulty were laid upon the shoulders of those whose municipality embraced a population five or six times as great. No well-marked lines divided the executive, legislative, and judicial functions. The aldermen exercised all three. They often interfered with each other. The criminal arrested by one was discharged by his neighbor. It was even more difficult then than now to tell exactly what were the functions, what the authority, of the Mayor. Worst of all, the city had fallen under the domination of the political parties. The municipal government was a prize, not a trust. The best citizens were too busy in attending to their own interests to care for those of the municipality. By common consent the administration of its affairs was allowed to fall into the hands of men who had no interests of their own to attend to. One paper (the 'Journal of Commerce,' March 8, 1845) asserts that for twenty years there had not been a municipal government which had devoted itself with any fidelity to the interests of the public.

"Under such mal-organization and mal-administration New York had grown from a town to a city. The public spirit of the citizens had introduced some very great improvements. Chief among these was the Croton Aqueduct. But on the whole the condition of the city was simply intolerable. The traveler on landing at its wharves was assailed by a mob of hackmen through whose midst he had to fight his way as best he could, his ears deafened with their profanity and obscenity, fortunate if he escaped with no more serious injury. He found the streets ill lighted and worse paved. In many thoroughfares the horses floundered through an almost bottomless quagmire, without even that poor apology for a pavement which now underlies the incrustation of mud and garbage in the worst streets of the city. The night-watchmen were accustomed in such localities to set up stones at the street corners to rap against, since there was neither flagging nor cobblestones. There was no proper sewerage—nothing, in fact, that deserved the name. It was not till the latter part of Mr. Harper's Mayoralty (1844–46) that a resolution was passed allowing such sewers as existed to be used for the purpose of removing the refuse of the houses. Up to that time they had been drains rather than sewers. The resolution was passed only after long debate and despite violent opposition.

"There was no police. During the day the constables and deputy sheriffs served as custodians of the public peace. Porters, artisans, and day laborers hired for the purpose served indifferently well the purpose of a night watch. They were neither uniformed nor drilled, and had no other weapon than a simple locust stick. The entire force did not number over two or three hundred, only half of whom were on duty at a time. There were neither police districts nor station-

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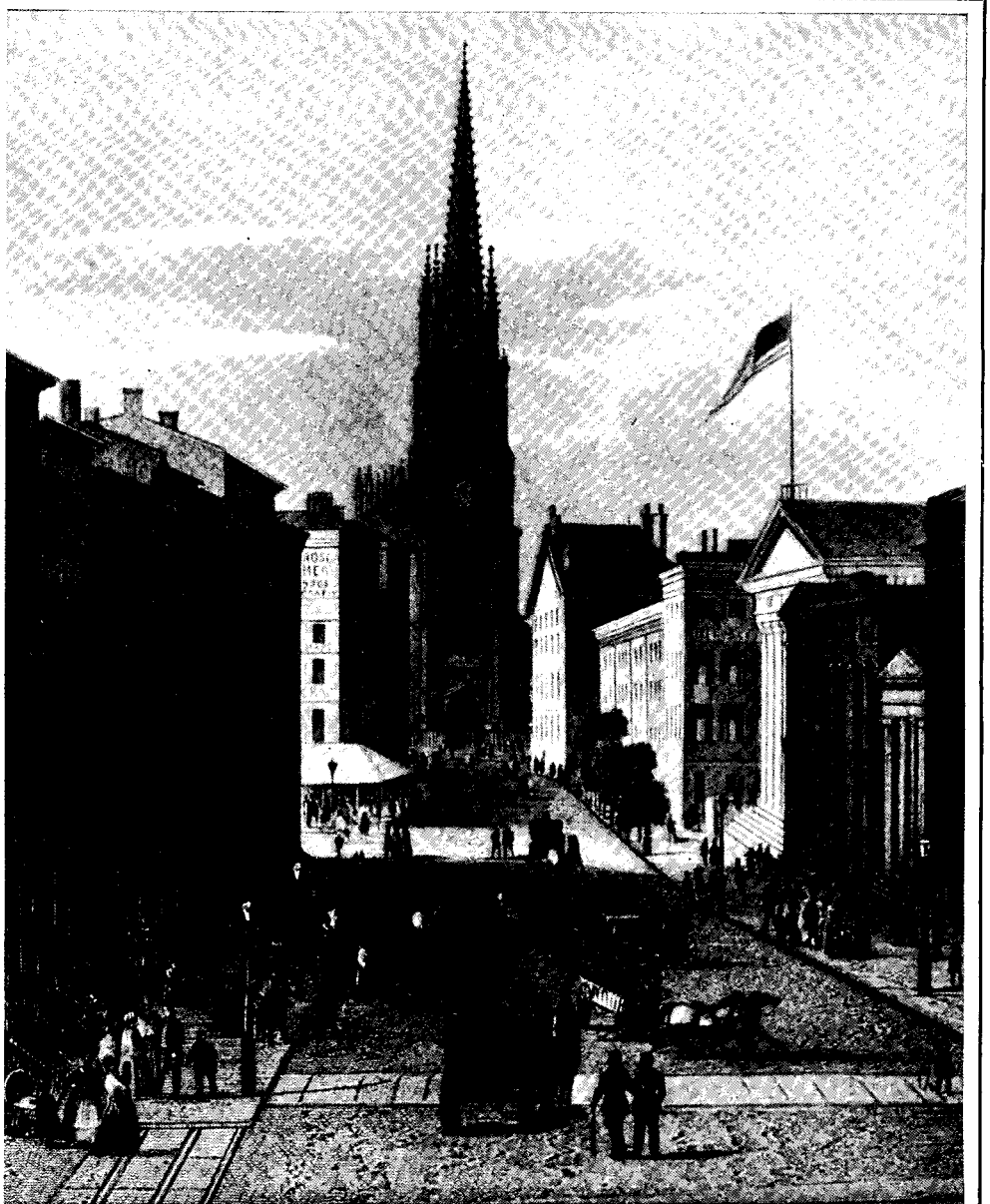

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING

WALL STREET ABOUT 1850

The United States Treasury Building is the one on which the flag is flying, and the Assayer's Office is the building this side of it. At the end of the street is Trinity Church

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PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN LEVICK

WALL STREET IN 1914

Trinity Church, the United States Treasury, and the Assayer's Office are the only landmarks visible in the picture on the opposite page that can be identified here

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houses. All prisoners were taken either to the City Hall or to the Eldridge Street jail.

"Under such a government, or lack of government, the disorders and ruffianism which characterized the city had grown to an alarming extent. As soon as the stores were shut rowdies began to congregate on the street corners and about the low hotels and groggeries. The most peaceable passer-by could not hope to escape their insults, not always their violence. Broadway was so infested that no person could pass through it after nightfall in safety. A more shameful though less dangerous disturbance was produced by the disorderly women who thronged the public thoroughfares and carried on their infamous traffic with utter shamelessness, insulting almost every passer-by with their obscene jests, their horrible profanity, and their loud and boisterous songs and laughter. No lady could venture into the streets alone; no companionship even could prevent her from gross and repeated insults. There was no system of street-cleaning. If there had been any ordinance against throwing garbage into the streets there were no police to enforce it. It was a common if not universal practice. The public thoroughfares reeked with a filth which was positively appalling. In a word, New York enjoyed and deserved the reputation of being at once the most prosperous and the worst governed city in the world. In 1842 Charles Dickens visited this country. His pictures of New York City in the pages of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' cease to appear like exaggerations."

Such was New York City when, returning from his first trip to Europe, my father came home in 1843 to find his wife on her death-bed and to follow to her grave the mother and her new-born babe, laid in the same casket. Before he had left for Europe in the spring he had acceded to the urgency of a younger brother, Gorham, to join him in establishing in New York City a school for the higher education of girls. The death of my mother made continuing the literary work in the morning and the landscape gardening in the afternoon at Little Blue impossible to my father. He packed up the few things he wished to take with him to the city, sent many of my mother's things, which he could neither keep nor sell, to her only sister, married and living at Worcester, Massachusetts, left my youngest brother Edward with his Aunt Sallucia, living with her father opposite Little Blue, in Farmington, Maine, and, taking with him his other three boys, Benjamin Vaughan, Austin, and myself, started for New York.

At the time he wrote to his sister, "I think they will not soon forget their mother." He was right. They never did. And in a pathetic self-revelation, the more pathetic to me as I read it now because of his habitual reserve, he wrote: "For myself, I can only keep away from my mind the terrible realization of that last fatal night, the days of distress and anguish unspeakable which followed—and the gloomiest thoughts and anticipations of the future—by means of incessant occupation, busying continually with endless details which under other circumstances would be a wearisome burden."

His city home was at first in Morton Street, in old Greenwich. The school building, I believe, was first in Bleecker Street, but my earliest recollection of it is on the corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets. Two other brothers, John S. C. and Charles E., joined Jacob and Gorham in the new enterprise, which was a surprising success from the very beginning—one of the earlier of the movements for woman's better education which later led up to the woman's colleges and woman's admission to the great universities. My personal recollection of the school in its various quarters—Bleecker Street, Houston Street, Lafayette Place, Greene Street—is of the vaguest; but I have found in the family records a letter from my Uncle John to his mother in Farmington which gives a vivid picture of a girls' school in New York in the middle of the nineteenth century. This contemporaneous account I print here as a part of my narrative in lieu of my less trustworthy and much less distinct reminiscences. It indicates that "strenuous life" existed long before the phrase had been made current.

"New York, December 9th, 1845.

"*My dear Mother:*

"My life in Houston Street, New York, is a very different article from life in Farmington. I will therefore endeavor to describe to you one of our days. At ¼ past six o'clock in the morning a large bell is rung in the hall which resounds through all the apartments in our spacious building, warning the sleepers that in ¾ of an hour the buckwheat cakes will be smoking upon the table. At seven o'clock the bell is again rung and all hasten to the dining-room. Immediately

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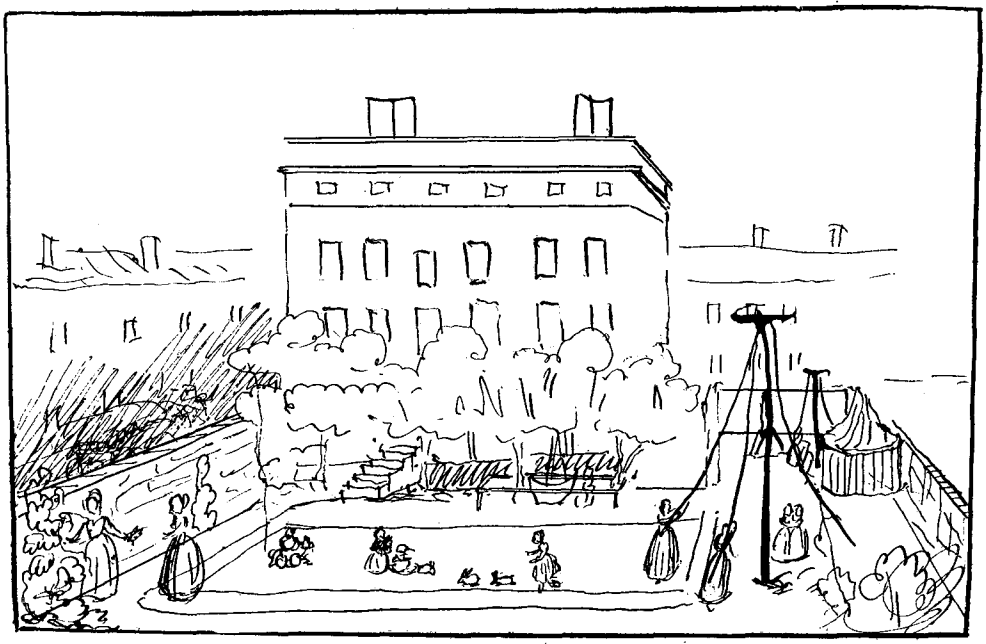
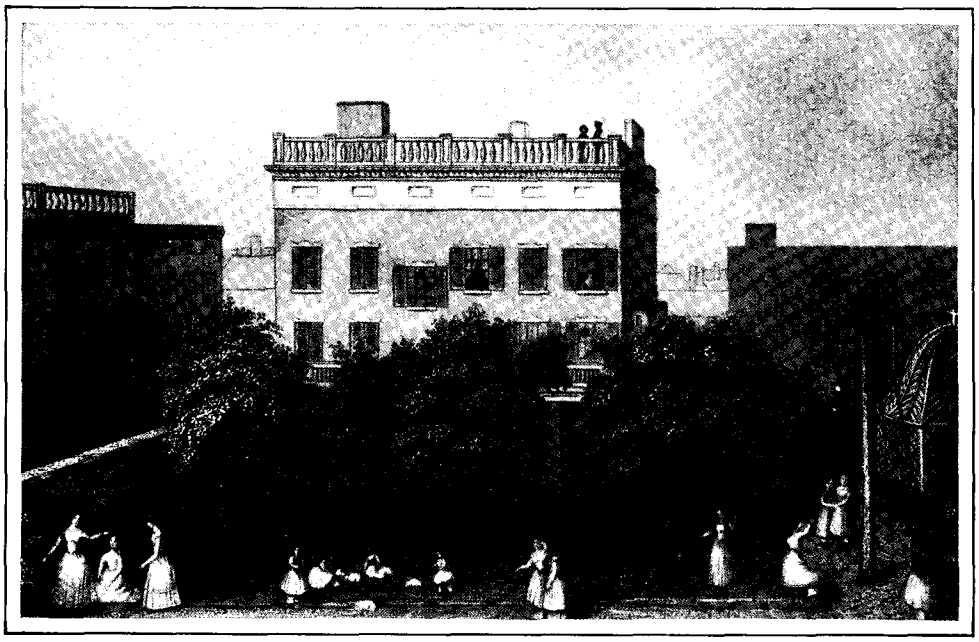


Original sketch of the building in Houston Street. Calculated mathematically by the laws of perspective as a guide to the artist. He made the picture below from it



INSTITUTION OF MESSRS. ABBOTT.
412 Houston St. New York

THE SKETCH OF THE SCHOOL BUILDING ON HOUSTON STREET WAS MADE BY JACOB ABBOTT. FROM HIS PEN-AND-INK DRAWING THIS ENGRAVING WAS MADE TO ILLUSTRATE A CATALOGUE OF THE SCHOOL

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after breakfast we return to the parlor, and after singing a hymn, aided by Jane seated at the organ, we have family prayers. We hardly leave the room after family prayers before the pupils begin to come. First two or three come, then a dozen press in at the door, and then they come pouring in like the tides of the Ocean, until our yard and halls and rooms are filled with merry groups. Here is a lady sitting in the Reception Room, with two frightened daughters who have come to enter the school. Here is an agent with half a dozen books which he wishes us to examine and introduce into the school. Here is a gentleman who has called to settle the tuition bill of his daughter. The printer's boy is waiting in the hall for a proof from Mr. Jacob. In the midst of the apparent clamor a bell sounds in the hall, intimating that it is five minutes of nine o'clock. The young ladies immediately repair to their seats, and at precisely nine a stroke of the bell raises the study card in every room, hushes the noise to perfect silence, and the school in all its departments is opened with prayer. Then come the recitations. Here go a party of sixty young ladies up into the fifth story to a large lecture-room, to recitation. They go along in single file, pressing against the bannister that they may accommodate another party of forty or fifty who, also in single file, are pressing down the stairs from a lecture. Jane has her shawl on to go to market and get all the provisions for a dinner for twenty-five persons; she is talking with two or three ladies in the parlor who have called to visit the school, and also with a gentleman who has come to enquire if she can take his daughter into the family to board. She must furnish a new room, and is going from the market to purchase some carpets and other furniture; and is also to call upon a lady to enquire the character of a fifth girl whom she must engage to do the family work. She has just told Delany where to put the wood and coal in the cellar; and has been reprimanding the grocer for sending her some bad apples. Charles Nye also needs a new jacket, which she must purchase.

"A gentleman calls me away from my class to enquire if I can help edit a newspaper in the city; while I am talking with him another calls to enquire if I can supply their pulpit the next Sabbath. So I tell Jane that she must for a few moments excuse herself from the company in the parlor and take charge of a class of sixty young ladies in French. Jane very obediently goes to the lecture-room, and mounted on a stand before the blackboard gives out the French. The editor wants to hire the use of my name. He says that he can *do all the work*, but if I will allow him to put down my name as editor he will give me two hundred dollars for this year and probably considerably more for the next.

"The hours of the morning rapidly roll away amidst a round of most incessant calls; each member of the family being pulled in a dozen different ways each moment. At eleven we have recess and lunch. The school closes at quarter before two, and then for about an hour the halls and yards are filled with groups, some playing, some going home, some lingering at their books, carriages are standing at the door to take pupils home, visitors are walking through the apartments. About three o'clock the house is empty of the scholars and we feel quite alone, as we have then only about twenty-five in the family. There are then some purchases of books or stationery to be made down in town, two miles and a half from where we live. Jacob is in his study holding a government meeting of the teachers in the boys' school. I jump into the omnibus and go and make some purchases to the amount of forty or fifty dollars, and hasten home to dinner. At five o'clock the dinner bell rings. The shutters are closed and the lighted lamps are on the table. We all assemble in the dining-room. The boys are laughing and chattering at one end of the table. The gentlemen and young ladies at the other are jabbering in French.

"After dinner we separate; it is then about six o'clock. Some are in the parlor playing on the organ. Company is calling. Some are in the large room which we call the study, about 40 feet long by 20 feet wide, marching, as one of the young ladies plays upon the piano. And the younger ones are begging Mr. John to tell a story. At seven o'clock (for we have no tea, dinner and tea being united in one meal) the large hall bell rings and all assemble around the table in the study, where some draw, some write letters, and where I am at the present moment writing. In the meantime the door bell is continually ringing, as a class in French assembles under Mr. Villeplait's instruction in one of the large school-rooms, and a number of other persons call on various business, who are received in the Reception Room, which is reserved for company. Evening study hours continue until half-past eight.

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At nine o'clock the hall bell rings, and those who have not retired and who are not specially engaged, then assemble for prayers. Such are our ordinary days in New York, only *a little more* so. We have got so full here that we have decided to start a branch uptown. Gorham takes charge of it. He commenced to-day with forty pupils, a delegation from this school. Charles also has his heart fixed upon a boys' school in Norwich to open in May next. We expect Miss Dunlap, now in Miss English's school in Georgetown, to be here this week as a teacher. I have got, my dear Mother, to the end of my sheet. It may be pleasant for you from your quiet corner to take this peep into the Babel in which your children live. But we get accustomed to anything. And Jane and I are moving quietly along under a load of cares which we should once have thought would have driven us mad. With very affectionate remembrances to all the family, and with no remaining space on my paper even to speak of your health, I am,

"Your affectionate and busy son,

"JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

"P. S.—I keep school all the week; preach every Sabbath and on Thursday evenings, write weekly for the 'Evangelist,' and am writing a book on Astronomy. Father, I am not *rusting out*, positively.'

When I came to New York in 1849 to enter the New York University, the school had made its last removal. My Uncle Charles had left it two or three years before and had opened a school for boys in Norwich, Connecticut, where I had fitted for college. My Uncle Gorham had withdrawn and taken forty of the older pupils with him, with his brother's entire approbation, and had established a separate school which became Spingler Institute. The Abbott School had a double habitation, my Uncle John keeping the boarding pupils in his home in Colonnade Row, Lafayette Place, my father living in a house which he had bought in Greene Street near Eighth Street, which served as the schoolhouse both for the day and boarding pupils. Some important changes in the city government had also taken place. In one of those spasms of reform which periodically attack New York City Mr. James Harper had been elected Mayor, and in two years of administration (1844–46) had effected some radical reforms, in spite of the hostile influence which such reforms have always had to combat and which succeeded in defeating his re-election in 1846, though the inevitable relapse did not come until the election as Mayor of Fernando Wood in 1854. During this period, 1849–1854, I was living a quasi-bohemian life in New York City.

The best residential portion of the city extended from Bleecker to Fourteenth Street. When my Uncle Gorham withdrew from the Abbott School and opened the Spingler Institute in Union Square in 1848, he was so far uptown that croakers prophesied that the school could not possibly succeed. The Brick Church was still on Park Row opposite the City Hall Park, Dr. Cuyler was preaching in the section east of Chatham Square where the fine residences formerly had been, the Harlem River was the northern boundary of the political city, but Harlem was for all social and most business purposes a separate town, and Yorkville on the east and Bloomingdale on the west were still regarded as separate communities. The present Central Park was worse than a wilderness, peopled by tribes of squatters and overrun with goats. The Elysian Fields in Hoboken served the purpose of a great recreation ground for the common people. P. T. Barnum got possession of a part of these fields for a day, arranged for a buffalo hunt in the style of a Wild West Show, chartered the ferryboat to Hoboken, and then announced a free show, with the result that the crowded ferries at five or ten cents ferriage yielded him a handsome profit. And although the show simply consisted in driving some rather tame buffaloes around a ten-acre plot, everybody was satisfied—for the show was free, and who could grumble at a free show?

The New York and New Haven main railway station was where Madison Square Garden now stands; but there was a downtown station in Canal Street just off Broadway, and four horses pulled the passenger cars uptown to the great station, where the locomotive was attached to the train. In going to Washington we changed cars at Philadelphia, and were carried across the city in horse cars; were ferried across the Delaware River, where now we cross on a bridge; and were drawn, without change of cars, through the streets of Baltimore, a guard standing on the front platform and blowing a horn to warn vehicles that might be in the way. Within New York City transportation was afforded by lumbering stage-coaches, one line running from Greenwich Village

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through Bleecker Street to Fulton Ferry, other lines running from farther uptown to the South Ferry, and later one line to Wall Street Ferry. In winter there was no attempt to remove the snow. No, indeed! Great sleighs were substituted for the omnibuses; they were drawn by six or eight and occasionally by sixteen horses. It was one of the joyous larks of a winter's night to take a sleigh ride to the accompaniment of snowballs from meeting or following sleighs. I wonder how the conductor succeeded in collecting his fares.

The theaters, I should guess, were not very different in quality of attraction from those of to-day. But I have never been a great theater-goer, and therefore am no judge. We had Burton in Chambers Street and the elder Wallack in lower Broadway, and later the younger Wallack, great in my boyish eyes in melodrama, and Laura Keene, who may not have been a great but was a very charming actress in comedy; Macready and Edwin Forrest in tragedy, with a rivalry between their respective adherents ending in one tragic mob; and later Edwin Booth, the most perfectly artistic actor I have ever seen. But the delight of my life was the Ravel family—pantomimists and acrobats, whose performances at Niblo's Garden, so called, were my admiration then, and I rather think would be my admiration now. The plot of the pantomime was always the same—a romantic lover, a beautiful maiden, an irate father, and a wealthy suitor; the first two eloping, the second two in close pursuit. The lover had a magic ring or a magic feather or a magic whistle, and he turned the ring, or waved the feather, or blew the whistle, whereupon a transformation always followed, enchanting to the audience and distracting to the irate father and his confederate. The lover and the maiden were dancing in a brilliant ballroom; the irate father appeared; the magic whistle was blown; and instantly the brilliantly dressed dancers turned to skeletons, the marble colonnades to tombstones, and the irate father and his companion fled in terror. The lover was captured and set up against a wall; soldiers filed in and shot him; he fell upon the floor in three or four pieces, a leg rolled off in one direction, an arm in another, the head in a third; the irate father marched off in triumph; friends of the lover came in, picked up the pieces, stood them up against the wall; one of the friends blew a blast on the magic whistle, and the recovered lover stepped down from the wall and executed a gay pirouette before our eyes. I wonder whether I am still boy enough to enjoy it all now, or whether I should see through the illusion and wonder at my wonder.

For the orthodox, who thought it wrong to go to the theater, there were Barnum's Museum and Christy's Minstrels and Perham's Panorama. Barnum's Museum was situated at the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, opposite the old Astor House, which they are beginning to demolish as I am writing these lines. A band of half a dozen players upon brass instruments occupied a balcony and competed more or less successfully with the noise of the street. Within were all manner of curiosities, real and fictitious, and a little theater where went on some sort of a performance twice a day. It was labeled "Lecture Room," and the legend was current in college that a very orthodox and also a very simple-minded member of my brother's class, after inspecting the curiosities, went into this lecture-room, expecting a prayer-meeting, and fled in horror from the spot when the curtain rose and disclosed some dancers or male and female acrobats, I forget which. There was for a little while a passion for panoramas, a kind of moving picture show quite unlike the modern "movies." Joshua Perham carried this form of exhibition to its climax in his panorama of the Mississippi. It was I should not dare to say how many miles long. We sat in our seats as the picture was unrolled before us for an hour and a half or more, and easily imagined ourselves on the deck of a Mississippi steamer watching the shore as we sailed down the river. Christy's Minstrels was a favorite recreation of my father's. I am inclined to think their jokes and conundrums were rather a bore to him; but they had good voices, and their music, though not of the highest kind, was, of its kind, the best. There was no Philharmonic or Symphony Society in those days, though I think the Oratorio Society existed, and there must have been an orchestra to accompany it. But Barnum, who was a great benefactor to his country as well as a great showman, brought Jenny Lind to America, and so set the fashion of importing famous singers to America, which later led on to the Metropolitan Opera.

Jenny Lind's advent created an unparalleled furor of excitement. We were younger in those days and more excitable than we are now, and Barnum had a genius for creating

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and taking advantage of excitement. He was a born advertiser. The tickets to the first Jenny Lind concert were sold at auction. An enterprising hatter paid several hundred dollars for the first ticket—and the National advertisement which the purchase gave to him. I had a chance, which I seized with avidity, to act as escort to a lady who sang in the great chorus on the one occasion in which Jenny Lind sang in the oratorio of the "Messiah." A wonderful personality spoke through her voice. All anxieties, spiritual and secular, fled away when she sang "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and it was impossible to doubt the Resurrection while she was singing "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth." She seemed a celestial witness; to doubt her testimony was to doubt her veracity.

Two years later came Julien, composer and leader, bringing with him his Drury Lane Theater Orchestra. He also, if I mistake not, was one of Barnum's gifts to America. His repertoire was not exactly classical. It was largely dance music, and it was very popular. One of his waltzes I can play even now—or at least the opening strain of it—on the piano, from memory. Two letters which I wrote at the time to my cousin describing two of his concerts may serve to illustrate the musical taste of that age. How he got together a chorus and orchestra of fifteen hundred I do not know. My impression is that it was not musically more effective than a chorus and orchestra of two or three hundred in a concert hall of ordinary size.

"Brooklyn, N. Y.,
"Fri., 16 June, 1854.

"We all went to the Crystal Palace last night to attend the musical congress. I send, enclosed, a report of the proceedings, and after reading that you will know all about it that I know. The concert was great, the crowd was grand. After riding up in an omnibus so full inside that Austin, Edward, and I had to ride on top, and so full on top that we had nearly fallen through inside, after riding through a street, ordinarily quiet, now full of carriages going in two long lines, one up, the other down, like two funerals passing each other, after tumbling out of our omnibus and coming into a new crowd swarming around the Crystal Palace like so many bees around a hogshead of sugar, after crowding through one of three entrances, where the crowd was such as to require three people to take the tickets, we emerged finally into the Crystal Palace and were immerged in a greater crowd than before.

"There is nothing in the great dome under which we stand, nothing in the light and graceful arches which surround us, nothing in any curious device or cunning mechanism which you shall find within this building, nothing in any lifelike statue, nothing in any exquisitely colored painting, nothing even in the music which has brought us here together, which can compare for beauty or for grandeur, with such a crowd, expectant, eager, happy, as is here—people everywhere. The whole body of the floor filled with reserved seats and black with people. Stairways impassable, turned into tiers of sofas, filled with people. Ladders, tables, boards turned on one side changed suddenly, by temporary cabinet-makers, into settees, covered with people. Galleries railed round with lines of people. People even hanging outside the railing on the stairways, and sitting on the very ornaments of the gallery. People everywhere. Hurrying to and fro in by-passageways; promenading on the balconies; creeping round high up in the dome, on the little platform where the lamplighter goes to light the chandelier; crowding from the hot Palace into the hotter ice-cream saloons adjoining, and crowding out again; and finally, having given up all hope of hearing the music, going out in such crowds that, when we leave in the middle of the second part we have to go down a block to get into an omnibus, as it is coming up, in order to obtain a seat.

"The first part of the concert consisted entirely of selections from the 'Messiah.' 'Worthy is the Lamb' sounds not badly when sung and played by 1,500 performers. We came away at the middle of the second part. So we did not hear the 'Fireman's Quadrille.' I am going to hear that yet, however. I wished you could have been there. I wish you could yet go. They ought to finish by singing 'Old Hundred'—Doxology—audience requested to rise and join. There would not be a whole pane left in the building."

A fortnight later I went again, this time to hear Julien's farewell performance.

"30 June, 1854.

"I went with a friend to Julien's *adieu* at the Crystal Palace Monday evening the—last night. We got a place in the end gallery, where we could hear the music tolerably well, and could particularly enjoy the maneuvers

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FROM AN OLD PRINT. COURTESY OF ROBERT FRIDENBERG

BROADWAY CORNER OF ANN STREET ABOUT 1850, SHOWING BARNUM'S MUSEUM

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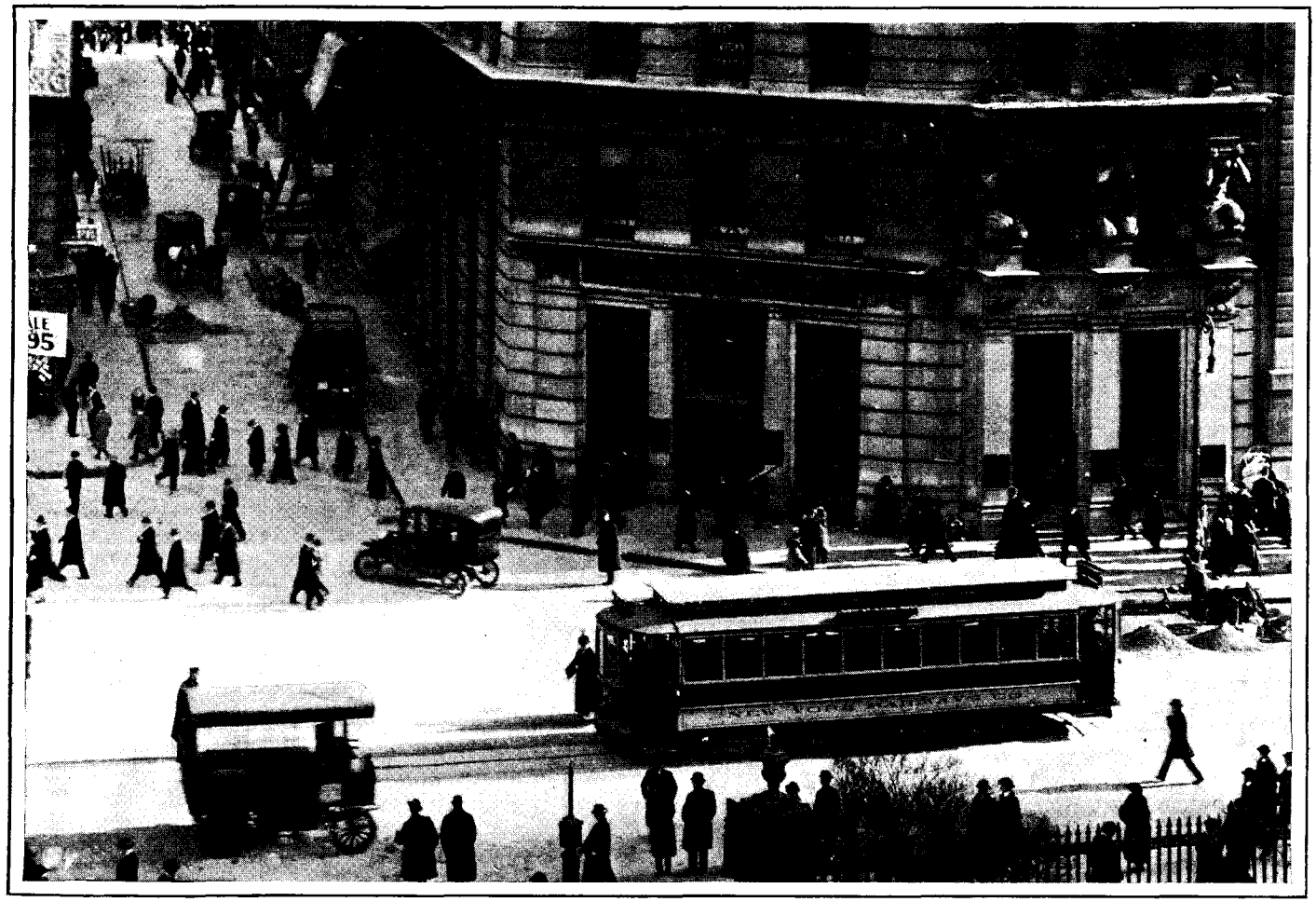

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

BROADWAY CORNER OF ANN STREET IN 1914

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of a party of *French* ladies (I should think they were) directly behind us. They began the evening's performance by poking every gentleman within fan distance and asking him to take off his hat so that they could see. One gentleman there was, just in the middle of the gallery, whom they could not reach, whereupon the following conversation takes place:

"*Little girl with curls, in a very loud tone of voice.* I wish that gentleman would only take off his hat. How nicely we could see!

"*Little girl's mother, also with curls, but very much shorter.* Yes, if he only would. Sir! Sir! Please, sir! *(Striking at him unsuccessfully with her fan.)*

"*Apparently maiden aunt.* Why don't that gentleman there *(pointing at him)* take off his hat?

"*Little girl.* The one with the straw hat I mean.

"Audience much interested in the result. Gentleman, of a bright red color in the face, doffs his straw hat, ostensibly to throw the hair back off his forehead, but he does not put his hat on again, and the ladies have triumphed. But the little girl is particularly in her element after the performances begin. For she carries the programme and explains the pieces. As thus:

"*Little girl.* This is 'The heavens are telling.'

"*Maiden aunt, a little deaf.* What?

"*Little girl.* I don't know what. It does not say what. It only says the heavens are telling. It doesn't say what they're telling.

"And again, just at the end of one of Mme. Wallace's songs, she inquires of her friends if she 'hain't got a *handsome* voice.' Together with much more of an equally interesting nature."

I do not think that I am mistaken in believing that the moral standards in 1850, no less than the æsthetic standards, were lower than they are in 1913. I can remember when A. T. Stewart first introduced the one-price system into the retail stores of New York, and how great an innovation it was, and to the conservative spirits how impracticable it seemed. Before this innovation the ladies in their shopping haggled about the price, much as I believe the buyers of horses do now, and in the fashion, though not to the extent, still pursued by shoppers in the Orient. Drinking and drunkenness were common. The Washingtonian movement had abolished drinking from the ministers' meetings, but not from the social parlors. On New Year's Day the old Dutch custom was still kept up; the ladies kept open house, the men paid in one day their formal calls for the year. Cake and wine were the easiest things for a hospitable hostess to serve. By six o'clock one fully expected to see well-dressed gentlemen not only reeling in the streets, but also showing by their unsteady gait and their loosened tongues in the ladies' parlors the effect of their excess. It was largely due to this fact that the custom of open houses on New Year's Day came to an end. I was not a total abstainer. In fact, my doctor, who was himself a vigorous advocate of the temperance cause, prescribed ale and porter for me with my dinner, and, as my father paid my medical bills, I had no pecuniary reason for total abstinence. And as in those days there were no "splits" and I could not possibly drink an entire bottle of either Scotch ale or London porter, my brothers usually shared my "medicine" with me. So far as I remember, I never was inside a saloon or barroom, except as I passed through one to the restaurant for a meal. And I have a distinct impression that at the time I felt that some of my college mates looked on me, and on those of like temperate habits, as lacking in virility because we never had gone through the experience of being drunk. Drunkenness was not then the "bad form" which I judge it to be in practically all social circles to-day.

The street-walkers were much more in evidence then than they are to-day; or is it only that they were more in evidence to a youth under seventeen than they are to a man over seventy? I do not think that is all. That I should not be accosted now as I often was then is natural enough; but I have eyes to see and some common sense to judge whether the women I see upon the broad and well-lighted streets between eleven and twelve o'clock are professionals or not. The upper gallery in most, if not all, of the theaters was reserved for such women, where they might ply their trade, and no woman was allowed on the floor or in the first gallery of most theaters unless accompanied by a man as a guarantee of her respectability.

A municipal police had been organized before I came to live in New York, but an incident in my personal experience leads me to believe that the police conditions were at least no better than they are now—probably

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worse. I think the immediate occasion of this incident was one of those periodical violations by the State Legislature of the principle of home rule, which, in an attempt to reform municipal conditions by legislative action, has done so much to prevent real and lasting municipal reform. As I recall the history, the Legislature had attempted to put the municipal police under State control; the attempt was resisted by Mayor Wood; and for a week or two at least the police was, in consequence, disorganized and demoralized. For my account of the riot which ensued I am not dependent on my memory. The following account of it I wrote at the time to my cousin:

"Friday, July 10, 1857.

"You have, I presume, already received from me a newspaper containing pretty full accounts of the late riots. I can give you also a little of the view of an 'eye-witness.' I spent the Fourth in Orange, New Jersey, coming back to New York about five in the afternoon. I suppose that region of New York City contained between Canal Street on the north, Bowery and Chatham Street on the east, Chambers Street on the south, and Broadway on the west contains more squalid poverty and abominable wickedness than any area of equal size in the world. I do not know about the outcast places of London and Paris, but I should not imagine they could be worse. This region contains the famous Five Points and the Sixth Ward, which rejoices in the well-earned sobriquet of the Bloody Sixth. As I was leisurely sauntering up Broadway to my room after dinner, I saw on the corner of Broadway and White Street (a street that runs down into the center of this region) a crowd assembled looking down the street. I crossed over, and, the crowd being more dense towards the Five Points, I, expecting a riot, walked down to the scene of disorder. As I passed by the station house which stands in White Street, I passed five or six policemen coming up the street, one after the other, with men whom they had arrested, their heads cut open and the blood streaming over their faces. One policeman was coming up the sidewalk alone, reeling like a drunken man, his face covered with blood. I followed on in the expectation of finding the cause of the difficulty; and on the corner of White and Orange Streets I came upon it. A little way up the street I could see here and there stones and bricks flying. One man stood on the top of his house, pulled bricks from the chimney and fired them upon the heads of those below. His wife stood by him, whether encouraging him or urging him to desist I could not tell. I went some way up the street, but, finding myself getting very fast into the crowd and in dangerous proximity to the stones and bricks, I beat a retreat and passed round through Canal Street into Bowery and so down to Bayard Street. On the corner of Bayard and Bowery there was a tremendous crowd. Every three or four minutes there would be a rush and they would come tearing down Bowery; I could hear shots exchanged but could not very safely stand in the crowd on the corner of the street nor where I could see anything.

"It soon became evident, however, that the battle was going on in Bayard Street, and I worked my way along till I espied a cheap restaurant and lodging-house on the corner of Bayard and Bowery, and I made a rush for it. It was locked and a placard announced that no meals would be served there after the dinner hour. I rattled at the door, and presently a waiter came, opened the door a crack, to look at me, but the crack was wide enough to let me squeeze in, which I did before he had time to see that I did not belong there. Then, by dint of taking a night's lodging and paying for it 25 cents, I got upstairs and out on the balcony of the hotel facing Bayard Street. Here I was directly over the battle and in a splendid position to see it. A crowd of Bowery boys occupied Bayard Street, immediately under my feet. The Dead Rabbits occupied the other end of the same street. Midway between the two belligerent forces was an empty ground in which there lay, it so happened, two or three piles of bricks used in a building that was going up there. Sometimes the Bowery boys would rush down the street, obtain possession of the brick pile, and drive the Dead Rabbits before them; then the Dead Rabbits would return and themselves obtain the bricks, and so the battle raged. There were plenty of pistols in use when I got there—at a little before seven—and very soon after muskets were put into requisition. An ordinary brick was too merciful a missile. Before the fighter fired it, he always threw it two or three times upon the hard pavement to break off its soft, crumbly edges. There was among the Bowery boys, at our end of the street, a young Italian; not, I should think, over sixteen or seventeen years of age. He had a pistol with him, and

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was among the vanguard always. Yet he did not seem to be malicious, but to be in the battle out of motives of excitement and curiosity more than anger and revenge. He was one of the first to fall after the muskets were brought out. He was carried by us, directly under our feet as we stood on the piazza of the second story. There was a little hole in his left breast, a little spot of blood on his white linen coat. But the blood was his heart's blood, and the hole was large enough to give escape to his life. He was writhing in the most horrible death agonies. It was a fearful sight; for, rough as were his companions, he was a beautiful boy. . . .

"After this the battle grew more determined and serious, though lessened in numbers. A great many who were willing to take their chance of a stone or a brick stood at a respectful distance from a musket. Just about this time the Bowery boys obtained possession of Elizabeth Street, and, collecting there a number of carts and wagons, ran them out across Bayard Street and so made a barricade under whose cover they fought after that. The leader of the Dead Rabbits was a great strapping Irishman in a red shirt. He owned the Dead Rabbits' muskets and, I think, shot the Italian. I saw him come out a little in advance of his party, take careful aim at the Bowery party, and fire. There was a flash but no report. His gun had missed fire. He took it from his shoulder to examine the lock. He was a good target. A Bowery boy crept up behind their barricade of wagons; rested his musket on the wheel; and took deliberate aim at the opposing chief as he stood there examining the lock of his own gun. There was a flash, a report, and the Dead Rabbit fell like a log, a dead rabbit in verity. Shortly after he fell a woman came out and took his place, except she was far more venturesome. I imagined her to be his wife. She would come close up to the barricade, fill her arms full of bricks, and return with them to her party. At first the Bowery boys only called to her to go away. To this she paid no attention. This was followed by a few bricks, about which she apparently cared as little. She still remained while pistol bullets and bricks rained about her, caring about them as little as you or I might about a rain-storm. Finally, when her apron was full of bricks, she went back as quietly as she came. But the Dead Rabbits would not let her return. When I came away at about 8 P. M. the battle was still raging, but not so furiously as it had been, and I believe it was stopped very soon after I came away. It was the first time I ever saw a riot, and I think it was the most horrible sight I ever saw."

I did not think it necessary to frighten my cousin by telling her why I came away. When a bullet whizzed by me and flattened itself against the brick wall over my head, I thought it was time for me to retreat, which I did with celerity. This is the nearest I have ever been to a battle, and I have never desired to be any nearer. My military ambition is not ardent.

I have said that I do not remember ever going into a bar-room or saloon; to that statement I must make one exception. I wanted to know the city from the top to the bottom, its vices as well as its virtues. This desire was partly natural, partly morbid. Defensible or indefensible, it existed. Combining with two or three of my college mates, we hired a policeman to take us through New York. He did the job apparently with thoroughness. He took us into the parlors of one or two houses in Mercer Street, which was then a prostitutes' thoroughfare; then through the Five Points, where no man dared to go by night alone, and even by day went at some hazard; and then to the scene of the worst haunts of the sailors in Water Street. I would not recommend this method of moral vaccination in general, but it was effectual in my case. There has never since that visit been for me any glamour in vice. I had seen it as a critical spectator in all its deformity, and good taste would have kept me from it even if moral principle did not. We did not visit any gambling-house. The interior of a gambling hell I never saw until many years after, when, with my wife and some other friends, I visited Monte Carlo, where I saw the most unromantic and stupid exhibition of purely sordid avarice my eyes ever beheld.

I always went to church. Of my religious experience I shall speak hereafter, tracing it through the various stages of its growth from boyhood to old age. Enough to say here that I cannot share the belief of those who think, or perhaps I should say feel, that the church has degenerated in the last half-century. During a part of that time I attended the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church. Some forty or fifty boys and girls from an orphan asylum made what seemed

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to me an important part of the congregation. The boys sat in one gallery, the girls in the gallery opposite. I do not recall that I ever heard the minister tell any story, use any illustration, or point any moral lesson which by any possibility could appeal to these children. There may have been connected with this church some mission chapel, but I do not think so. If so, it was not in evidence. I do not think I ever heard of one. The attitude of the churches in New York City was then much what the attitude of the village church is to-day: its duty was to care for the individuals and the families in its own congregation. For these attendants there were plenty of services—not to say a surplus; but going out into the world preaching the Gospel to every creature was left to be done by the missionary societies, which were supported by the churches with more or less liberality. Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn, and some time later Dr. W. S. Rainsford in New York, were pioneers in church missionary work. It hardly need be said that there was no social settlement work and no Young Women's Christian Association; the Young Men's Christian Association was just coming into existence.

In this city I lived with my two older brothers, Benjamin Vaughan and Austin, during my college days, from 1849 to 1853 inclusive, and for six years thereafter. My father had no home. He married Mrs. Mary Dana Woodbury in 1853, but they never kept house; traveled much; and boarded when in this country. If there had been a room available in my Uncle John's home, which I doubt, a boarding-school for girls would have been no place for a college boy of fourteen. Petted and spoiled by girls, I should have been subjected to the temptation to vanity and intellectual idleness, more to be dreaded than the temptations of an independent life under the guardianship of two older brothers in the city. And before I graduated, my father and Uncle John had discontinued the school, given up the profession of teaching altogether, and betaken themselves to authorship, to which the remainder of their lives was given. This was not because of any lack of success. The school was, both from an educational and a financial point of view, successful to the end. But my father and my Uncle John had become increasingly interested in authorship, and found the two vocations of author and teacher inconsistent. My Uncle John removed to Brunswick, Maine, his birthplace, where he had the advantage of Bowdoin College Library, and where he completed the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," which gave to the circulation of "Harper's New Monthly Magazine"—then really "new"—a great impetus, and to the author simultaneously a deluge of criticism and a great popular reputation.

There were no such bachelor apartments in New York City in 1850 as now encourage bachelordom and discourage marriage. There were few clubs. We three brothers generally lived in hired rooms and took our meals at restaurants. Once we had for a time breakfast in our own rooms, but that was expensively luxurious. Once we tried to economize by boarding in Brooklyn. Going home one late afternoon, I found a sheriff in charge, the landlady having failed and her property having been taken in execution. We had some difficulty in persuading the sheriff to let us take our property, which consisted of clothing and some books. Perhaps the fact that my brother Vaughan had at that time been admitted to the bar and had some knowledge of the law helped to overcome the reluctance of the sheriff. We camped out that night in my brother's office. I slept, I remember, on the floor, with a Webster's Dictionary for a pillow. That was our last attempt at boarding. After my brother Vaughan graduated and went to Harvard Law School and before he came back and was admitted to the bar, my brother Austin and I occupied together a room so small that when our turn-up bedstead was opened out on the floor the entrance to the room was completely blocked. One night about Christmas, my brother Vaughan arriving unexpectedly late at night, we had to make up the bed in order to let him in.

My finances were under the charge of my second brother, Austin. Our allowances were paid to us monthly. Delmonico had one restaurant downtown in Beaver Street, and another on the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway. At the beginning of the month, when we were rich, we used to go to Delmonico's; a little later, as the purse grew lighter, to "Gosling's," a Broadway restaurant, or to one of the still cheaper restaurants on one of the side streets; and finally for the last three or four days of the month we were likely to take our meals at "Sweeney's," on Chatham Street, where we got, if I recollect aright, a plate of wheat cakes for sixpence and a cup of coffee for

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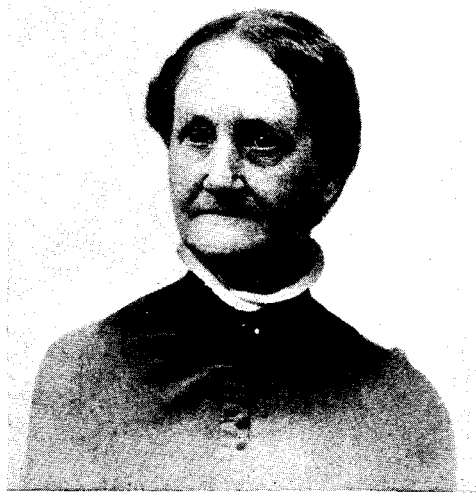

MRS. CHARLES E. ABBOTT ("AUNT ELIZABETH")

MRS. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT ("AUNT JANE")

MRS. ELBRIDGE CUTLER ("AUNT CLARA")

THE THREE SECOND MOTHERS

"I had three mothers. In the school at Norwich, my Aunt Elizabeth . . . ; in New York, my Aunt Jane; . . . in Farmington, Maine, my Aunt Clara . . ."

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threepence. In those days the common currency in New York was shillings and pence, not dimes and nickels. The restaurant was a long hall, with a counter at the rear, behind which was the kitchen. The waiter took the orders of three or four customers at once, then, as he walked back between the tables to the kitchen, shouted out the orders, so that the provisions might be ready for him and the customers not kept waiting—a custom which gave rise to a comic song describing how a bashful and impecunious youth ordered "one fish-ball and a little bread and butter, if you please," and with dismay heard

"The waiter roar it through the hall,
We don't give bread with one fish-ball."

The rolls, in the language of our homes called biscuits, were baked in a pan; if one wished a crusty roll he called for a roll outside, if one without crust he called for a roll inside; and rolls and Indian cakes with a cup of coffee were a favorite order for breakfast if one were economically inclined; which gave rise to the story, whether my brother's invention or an incident founded on fact I do not know, of the waiter who roared out the order, "Two Indians done brown and a roll inside."

Well, it was a happy time, and what would now seem to me discomforts rather added to the fun. But it now all seems to me remote and unreal. I cannot think that I was that boy and that New York City was that city. As I attempt to recall it out of the misty past, with grave doubts how much of my recollection is memory and how much imagination, it seems less real to me than the boyhood of David Copperfield. It was a life of almost absolute freedom, perhaps of freedom too absolute. And yet we lived clean and morally wholesome lives. I cannot recall that even the supposedly awful temptations of a city life were temptations to us. Our companions were clean companions, our recreations were clean recreations, the plays we went to were clean plays. Perhaps this was due to our inheritance; probably for me it was largely due to the guardianship of my older brothers. I am sure for all of us the always ready welcome to the home life of the Abbott School was a great protection. Thither we went with the freedom of brothers. And as we were only three boys and there were twenty-five or thirty girls and we were without competitors, we were general favorites. For Sunday evenings my Uncle John, who conducted the boarding department of the Abbott School, in Lafayette Place, established a service of song, borrowed from my grandfather's custom, and in this family song service we often, perhaps habitually, had a part. We joined in the family festivities of Christmas Eve. Among my valued memorabilia is a prayer-book which six Episcopalian girls gave to me; at that time I was quite regularly attending an Episcopal church.

We were not therefore homeless boys, and I was not motherless. I had three mothers. In the school at Norwich my Aunt Elizabeth, who is still living,[1] the only one of that generation, had been a mother to me; in New York my Aunt Jane, my Uncle John's wife, was a mother to me; in Farmington, Maine, where I went for my vacations, my Aunt Clara was a mother to me. Perhaps something in an apparently feeble physique, perhaps something in a naturally dependent and clinging nature, especially commended me to their affectionate care. Certainly I can never repay, even in gratitude, much less in any other coin than that of love, the debt I owe to them. And all the time, most sacred of all, was the faith that my mother knew and cared; that every defeat I suffered was a sorrow to her, and every victory I won added to her joy. Yes, I had four mothers—three on earth and one in heaven. And they all cared for me. And to their influence I perhaps most of all owe the fact that those four years of college life were years of comparative innocence.

[1] She has died since this chapter was written.

In the next chapter Dr. Abbott will describe his college life and the educative influences which accompanied it

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

A NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER, MR. WALTER MILLER, IN THE ACT OF TAKING A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW PHOTOGRAPH OF NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY

This photograph is by one of his co-workers, and shows the daring camera man sitting on a plank extending into space from the Woolworth Tower. The part of a large building seen in the upper right-hand corner is the new Municipal Building, and the dome in the lower right-hand corner is that of the City Hall

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THE MAN BEHIND THE CAMERA

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

PHOTOGRAPHS are like figures: they never lie. Moreover, they give us in one quick, comprehensive glance an accurate idea of a situation that columns of words cannot convey, thus adding accuracy to the saving of time. Hence in this busy modern world of news gathering and news reading, the picture's the thing. So our most progressive journals have supplemented the linotype with the half-tone.

The universe is the realm of the photographer. From him there is hidden nothing in the earth itself, nor in the heavens above the earth, nor in the waters that cover the earth. And so readers of The Outlook have been privileged in recent months to behold at a glance counterfeit presentments of objects as far removed from one another as the poles themselves—Storm King Mountain and the Los Angeles Aqueduct, a Pasteur inoculation and the followers of Carranza, the United States border patrol and the dismantled colliery at Cardiff.

Such pictures, like the rising of the sun, we are prone to accept as daily commonplaces, forgetting or not knowing that behind every picture lies a story often more interesting than the picture itself. In our pleasure at the finished negative we have forgotten the men behind the camera.

An interesting chap is this knight of the kodak. He has nerves of steel. He is composed of ninety per cent of the fine gold of courage alloyed with ten per cent of the brass of audacity. Like the reporter, the camera man must know news. Also he must know how to get it. He must be at the right spot at the right time. Time and tide, volcano eruptions and bayonet charges, wait for no man. Perhaps the photographer has gone ten thousand miles to secure a picture; but, unless he is prepared when the critical moment comes, he misses the picture. And thereby hangs this tale. For the man behind the camera must possess qualities like those of the man who carried the message to Garcia. He must often do the impossible.

He must be a linguist, for he often traverses strange lands. Traveling at the head of a considerable outfit, he must know how to handle men. Penetrating often where he is not wanted, he must be a diplomat and he must know how to make himself *persona grata*. Otherwise his skill and bravery are in vain. During the Russo-Japanese War a famous American photographer, making his way to the firing line, was halted by a minor Japanese official. His credentials availed him nothing. "Tell General Nogi," said the photographer. The official did so. "If it is the American artist," the commander-in-chief sent back word, "let him go anywhere he wants to go." That photographer had seen to it that he was "solid," as we say, with the great Japanese commander.

Like the soldiers of the centurion, a news photographer must go when he is sent and come when he is bidden. One morning a young New York news photographer kissed his newly made wife good-by, mentioned the hour of his return that evening—and came back seven weeks later. He had been sent to Florida without time even to get a change of clothing. Mr. Horace Ashton, another New York news photographer, coming into his office one morning, was greeted with this inquiry: "Got any engagement for this afternoon or evening?" Upon replying in the negative, he was told by his employer: "Then I want you to take a little trip for me." In two hours he was on his way to Japan. He came back seven months later. So the camera man goes even to the earth's uttermost confines. Hardly is there a place on earth where he has not penetrated. Of a truth he knows that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of by the average inhabitant. He has seen them; for the news photographer is the nearest earthly approach to the all-seeing eye. What he sees himself he endeavors to bring back for the rest of us on his little glass plates.

To do this his equipment must be large. The newspaper photographer who never gets far from his office needs only his camera and a few extra plates. But the traveling commercial photographer, who gathers for us likenesses of foreign parts and strange events, must have an outfit like an explorer's. If he is going to the far North, he must have the dog-train equipment of a Pole-hunter. Camels will carry him in Asia and elephants in India. In Africa he must depend upon a caravan of native porters; for the camera men must carry not merely cameras and

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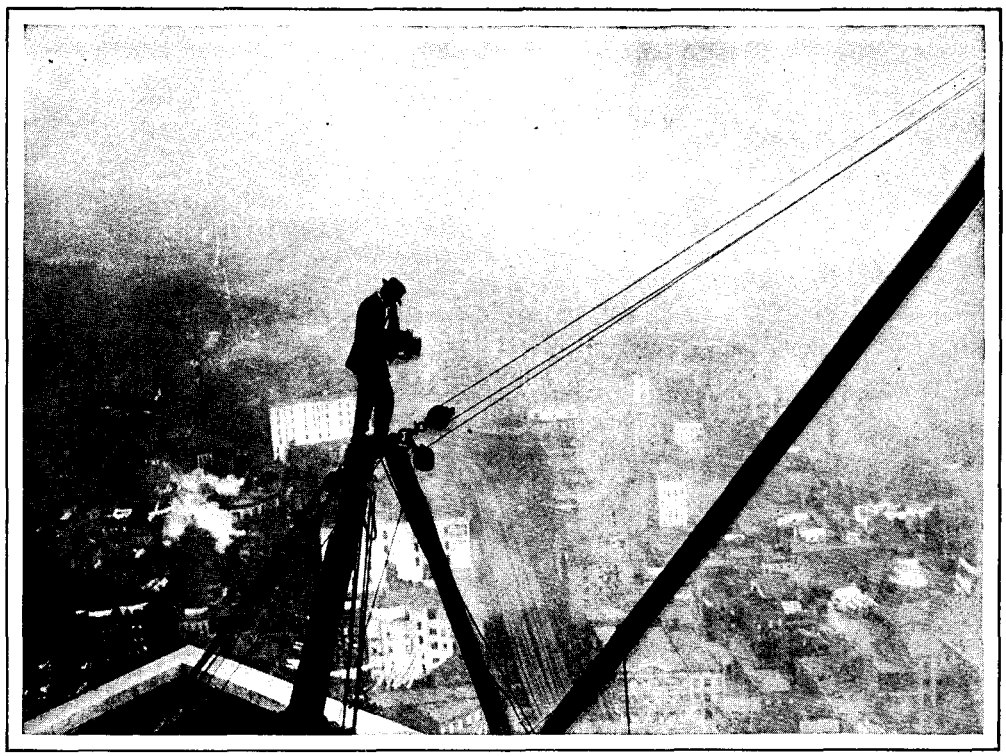

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

AN ADVENTUROUS NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER, MR. CHARLES DUPREZ, AT WORK

He is seen on the top of a derrick, with scarcely foot room, focusing his camera. To stand in such a place alone is an acrobatic feat which requires strong, steady nerves. Wonderful pictures are sometimes obtained from these hazardous positions

chemicals, but films, and food, and arms, and tents to live in. As for his picture machines, they are no pocket kodaks, but enormous cameras as big and heavy as so many hods of bricks; for when he goes half-way round the world to get a picture, the camera man can take no chances.

All this costs money—which is so much more reason why the picture should be successful. A photographic journey through Africa, for instance, may cost as much as $10,000. The photographer who heads such a costly expedition to bring back to us thrilling pictures of the unfamiliar cannot afford to have "nerves," like the photographer who went to Madrid to take pictures at King Alfonso's wedding. This photographer had his camera focused upon the royal equipage at the very instant that an Anarchist hurled a bomb at the Spanish monarch. There, on the photographer's ground glass, was a picture the like of which had never been taken—the blowing up of royalty. But the photographer was so much startled by the explosion that he forgot to snap his shutter. In striking contrast to this moment of forgetfulness was the self-possession shown by the New York newspaper photographer who took a picture of the late Mayor Gaynor while the latter was reeling from the impact of a pistol bullet fired at him by a would-be assassin as he was about to go abroad for a vacation. Then quickly and calmly reversing his plate-holder, this same photographer was able to get a picture of Street Commissioner Edwards as the latter was struggling with the would-be assassin.

With the news photographer such a display of self-possession is ordinary rather than unusual. On one occasion Mr. H. G. Ponting climbed the Japanese mountain Asama-Yama to get a picture of its crater. While his helper stood waiting with a second camera Mr. Ponting advanced to the edge of the volcano's mouth. He was in the very act of taking a picture when an eruption occurred. The assistant was as quick as the volcano. He snapped Mr. Ponting before the latter could even turn around. Then the two ran for their lives.

Mr. Rudolph Wille, who in 1901 traversed much the same territory in Africa that

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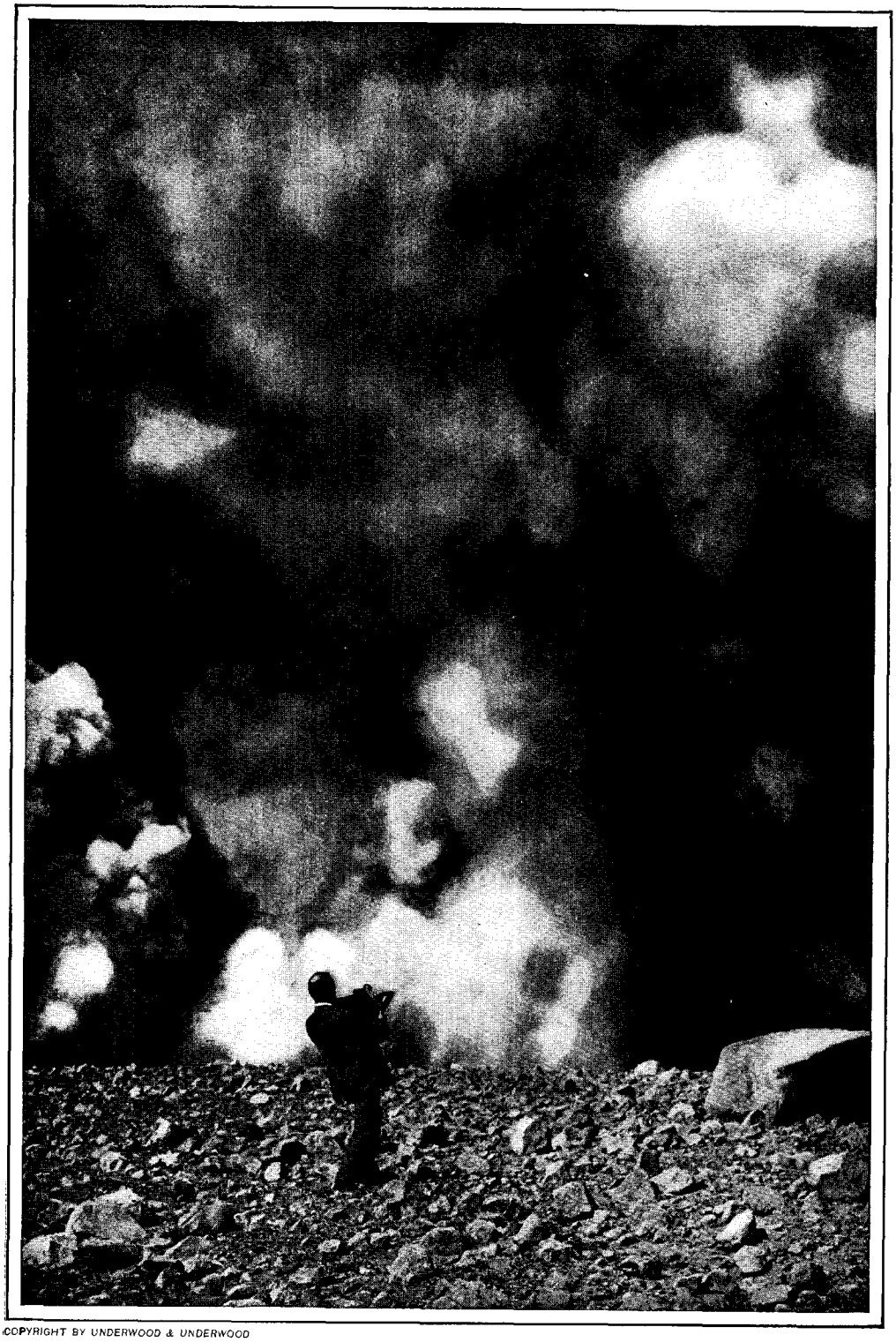

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THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. H. G. PONTING OF THE JAPANESE MOUNTAIN ASAMA-YAMA ARE AMONG THE MOST FAMOUS OF VOLCANIC PICTURES

The photographer is seen standing at the edge of the volcano's mouth, at the time when a sudden eruption occurred

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Colonel Roosevelt did in 1909, was suddenly beset by three lions, that rushed at him from a near-by thicket. To shoot them was impossible. The only accessible shelter was a tree close by, spreading over a rock. Mr. Wille scrambled up the rock and leaped for the lowest limb. The foremost lion was only inches behind. In his jump Mr. Wille lost his gun, but he gave no thought to that. He instantly unstrapped his camera from his back and calmly took pictures of his captors prowling below the tree until his plates were exhausted. Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore on one occasion crept to within thirty yards of a sleeping rhinoceros, when the beast suddenly jumped up and made for him at express-train speed. Nothing daunted, Mr. Dugmore waited until the animal was within fifteen yards of him and then snapped his shutter. His photograph of the charging rhinoceros is one of the most remarkable pictures in existence.

Even more remarkable than such self-possession in moments of passing danger is the cool, calculating courage of the photographer who deliberately risks his life to obtain a picture. When the American army first penetrated the Philippines, the photographers went with them. These photographers carried muskets as well as cameras and they fought side by side with the soldiers. Their pictures they took between shots. There is in existence a photograph of one of these intrepid camera men grinding away at a moving-picture outfit in the very thick of the battle. There was no fake about this likeness. A fellow-photographer, making his way over the battlefield, came upon his colleague with the moving-picture camera and snapped him.

During the siege of Port Arthur there was one point in the Japanese line where the Russian shells were falling like hail. "The folks at home would like to see what this looks like," said an American photographer. The Japanese begged him to take a picture from a protected position and paint the smoke and flying shells on his negative. "I couldn't do that," said the photographer. "It wouldn't be real, and the folks at home want the facts." So he advanced as far as a human being could advance and live, and set up his camera. The concussion of the next shell knocked him thirty feet, unconscious. His camera was wrecked, but Providence saw to it that the plate was unbroken. In all the world there is probably no duplicate of this wonderful picture of an exploding shell.

Probably no war photographer ever had a more terrible experience than that which befell Mr. Wille. He accompanied the Boer armies during their war with England, as representative of a Dutch newspaper. The thrilling pictures were to be had at the front of the battle line; so, to get into closer touch with events, Mr. Wille fought as a Boer soldier. Six of his front teeth were knocked out—one by a bayonet thrust, another by a blow from a musket butt, and the others when, in charging on horseback, he was thrown headlong on his face. On four occasions he was shot. Once he lay unconscious on a battlefield for sixteen hours. For fourteen weeks he was carried about in a Boer ambulance. He lost eighty-two pounds in weight. But all the time, when possible, he was taking or developing photographs.

Of late years the camera men, sighing, like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer, have turned their attention to the beasts of the jungle. Many of these photographs could a tale unfold. Mr. Dugmore was one of the earlier of these wild-animal photographers. His exploit with the charging rhinoceros was by no means his most thrilling one. Many of his photographs were taken by flashlight at night. He would fasten a goat or a sheep to a stake, set up his cameras and focus them on the bait, and build near by a circular *boma* of thorns within which to await the arrival of his subject. His flashlight and his shutter were operated simultaneously by electricity, Mr. Dugmore pressing the button from within his *boma*. But sometimes the lions that he was after were late in arriving; and then his powder, dampened by the heavy dew, failed to explode. On such occasions there was nothing for Mr. Dugmore to do but leave the protection of his *boma* and insert a fresh charge of powder in his flash-pan. These moments when he stood practically helpless in the dark, sometimes with three lions prowling close by, Mr. Dugmore declares, were the most terrifying experiences he ever had.

Mr. C. G. Schillings, the German scientist, is another celebrated animal photographer. Mr. Schillings was once charged by a herd of twenty-five elephants. He managed to kill the leading bull, and so turned the herd. Had they continued their charge, nothing could have saved him. On another occasion Mr. Schillings was swamped in an African river, close to a pool frequented by alligators. Mr. Schillings's comrades on the bank at once

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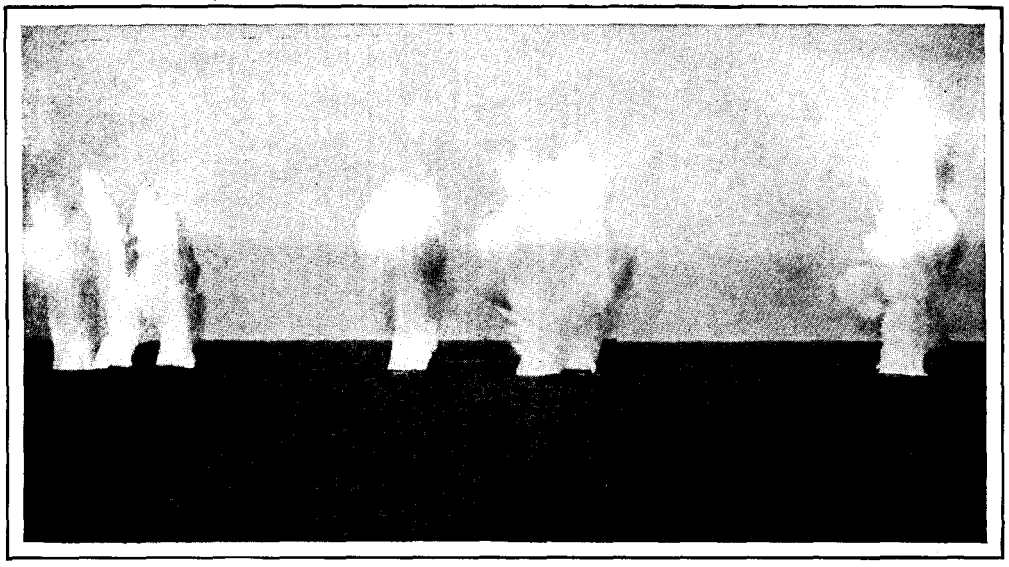

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A BROADSIDE OF TWELVE-INCH GUNS FIRED AT A TARGET 14,000 YARDS DISTANT BY THE BATTLE-SHIP DELAWARE WHILE UNDER STEAM

To procure this remarkable photograph Mr. E. Muller, Jr., ventured into the danger zone or firing line. While maneuvering with his motor boat for position, a shot whizzed over his head. The news photographer is daunted by no danger in his determination to get results

opened fire on the alligators, while others formed a human chain and drew him ashore. On still another occasion two rhinoceroses scented Mr. Schillings while he was taking their picture. They charged together. Mr. Schillings grabbed a gun and dropped both rhinos, but they were up again and after him with astonishing agility. He dodged behind a thorn-bush, but one animal went each way. The photographer was caught between them. Just as they were on him they collapsed.

But not all the dangers of photography come to those who picture wars and wild animals. There be perils as well for those photographers who go down to the sea in ships. Mr. Enrique Muller, Jr., in this country and Mr. Henry Symonds in England devote their entire time to marine photography. Perhaps Mr. Muller's most remarkable picture is that of the United States battle-ship Michigan taken head on while the battle-ship was steaming at twenty-two miles an hour. Mr. Muller maintains that photographing a speeding battle-ship head on is fully as dangerous as taking a snapshot at a charging rhinoceros.

From what befell Mr. Muller one would judge that this is so. Mr. Muller took his photograph of the Michigan from a small motor boat. He ordered the engineer to keep the motor boat in the path of the great battle-ship until the last possible second. Just as he was about to snap his shutter Mr. Muller discovered that the vibration from the motor would probably spoil his picture. He took a chance and ordered the engine stopped. As he snapped his shutter he yelled for full speed ahead, but the engine merely sputtered and went dead.

In that moment while he was waiting for death Mr. Muller's one idea was to get still another snap at the battle-ship. That last snap took the picture in question. When the speeding dreadnought was but thirty yards away the little motor came to life. The motor boat shot from under the bow of the Michigan, but the huge bow wave overwhelmed the craft, and Mr. Muller and his engineer found themselves fighting for life fathoms below the surface of the sea. They were rescued, and the exposed plate, though wet with sea water, was saved by prompt chemical treatment.

That is only one of the times that Mr. Muller has taken a picture at the risk of his life. Mr. Symonds has had an even more thrilling life as a marine photographer. During an international yacht race he once tried to get a head-on picture of the Valkyrie. The big yacht completely shut off the wind from his little twenty-foot sloop, and there he was becalmed under the very prow of the onrushing racer. He was capsized and barely escaped with his life. On a second occasion his boat was crushed by the impact of a diver whose armor had been pumped too full of air by an inexperienced helper, and who shot

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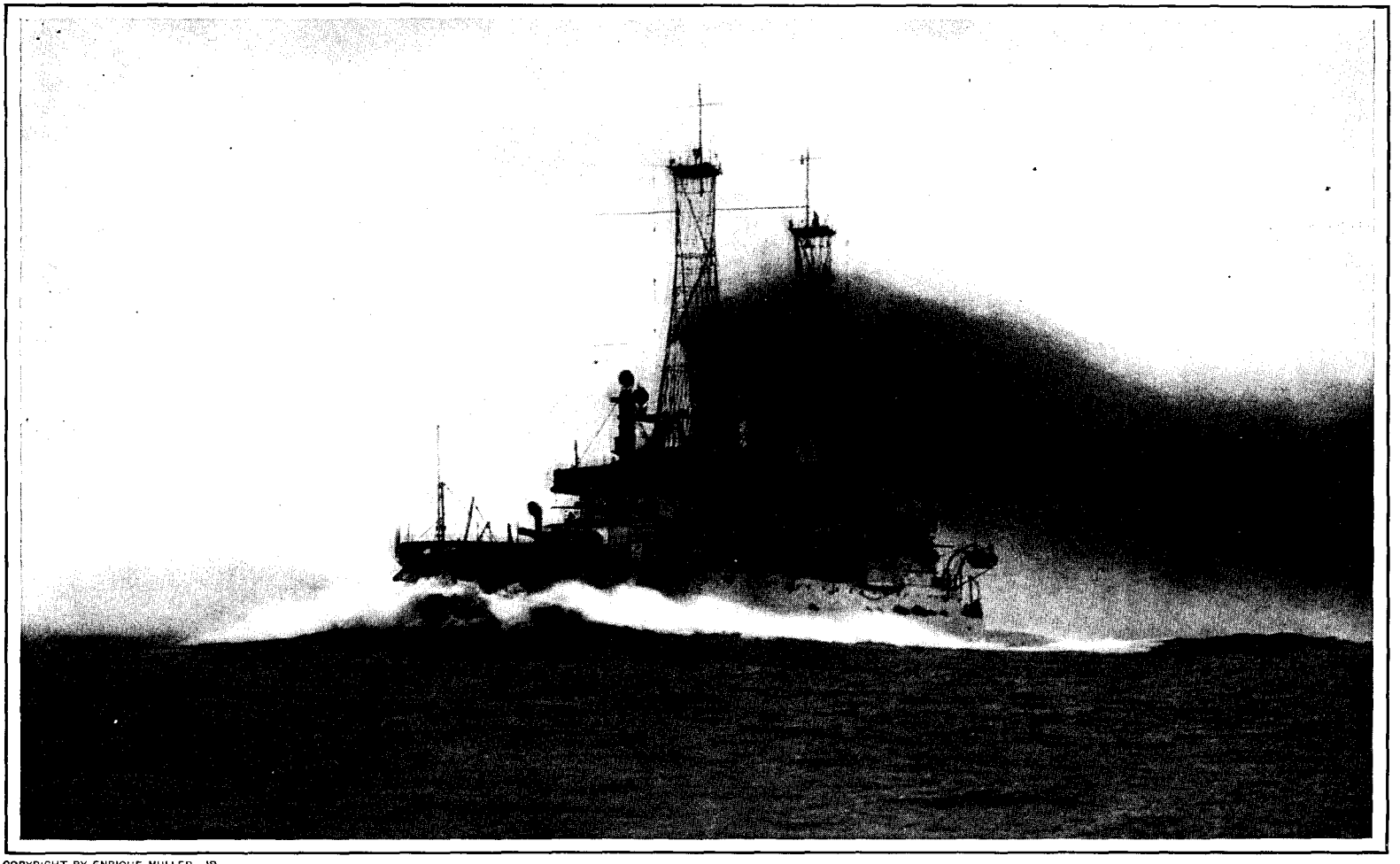

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THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP MICHIGAN PLOWING THROUGH THE DEEP SEA

The marine photographer, Mr. Enrique Muller, Jr., had a hairbreadth escape in taking a snapshot of this ship while it was "making a record"

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upward through the water with the force of a torpedo. Once a dummy torpedo sent Mr. Symonds's boat to the bottom during some naval maneuvers. On one occasion this daring photographer was caught at the bottom of the sea in a sunken submarine. Once he was nearly thrown from the fighting top of a war-ship by a sudden lurch of that vessel. A barge on which he was working was sheared in half by a speeding torpedo-boat.

But Mr. Symonds's narrowest escape from death was when, in his capacity of official British naval photographer, he was caught between two advancing lines of torpedo-boats that he was trying to photograph. These vessels, rushing together like lines of cavalry charging each other, were traveling at terrific speed, and throwing up such mountains of water at their bows that the steersmen could see nothing of Mr. Symonds's low-lying craft. He managed to escape being run down, but was swamped in a terrible sea, and rescued only with the greatest difficulty.

Of all the men who have devoted their lives to the work of bringing us likenesses of the hidden things of the earth, none is so famous as Mr. James Ricalton, of Maplewood, New Jersey. Originally he was a schoolteacher. Because of Mr. Ricalton's scientific knowledge, Mr. Thomas A. Edison sent him to India to find a certain kind of fiber to use in making electric lights. Mr. Ricalton found the fiber; also he found his life-work. He took some wonderful photographs. He has been taking them ever since—and that was many years ago. Though well in the sixties, nothing daunts him. He followed hard on the heels of Colonel Roosevelt across the continent of Africa, walking more than 1,500 miles, and taking hundreds of photographs. In ten years he took 100,000 photographs. Once he made a photographic journey of 24,000 miles. All told, he has traveled more than half a million miles.

He has not been to the North Pole nor to the South Pole. There is hardly another place in the world that he has not visited and photographed. He has photographed the Indian Durbar, the pilgrims in Jerusalem, the Canyon of the Colorado in places where no other man had dared to go. Wild animals by the thousand he has photographed in their lairs. He took pictures of the Boxer uprising in China. It was he who took that marvelous photograph of an exploding shell at Port Arthur; and when he sent it home, he apologized because it wasn't better. He it was of whom General Nogi said, "Let him go anywhere he wants to go." And when the war was over, this intrepid old gentleman received a gold medal from the Mikado himself. The Japanese placed a proper valuation upon the wonderful services of this premier photographer.

Not all the difficulties of securing pictures are physical. Persons must be photographed, and many persons object strenuously to having their likenesses taken. The late J. Pierpont Morgan was wont to break his cane over the back of any offending news photographer who came within reach. Mr. John D. Rockefeller is another person who objects to being photographed. But Mr. Ashton one time got sixteen excellent likenesses of the oil king by spending a fortnight at Mr. Rockefeller's hotel in the South and ingratiating himself with the millionaire on the golf links. In an unguarded moment Mr. Rockefeller consented to have Mr. Ashton take a snapshot of him. What must have been his amazement when the latter brought forth from a near-by thicket, not the little pocket kodak that Mr. Rockefeller probably expected, but an enormous camera!

Pictures, we said, never lie. That is true; but they can be made to lie. And in this connection one is reminded of the way in which a news photographer secured that wonderful likeness of Mr. Roosevelt, then President, taking a hurdle on horseback. This photographer obtained an excellent likeness of an equestrian hurdling and skillfully fitted to it a head of Colonel Roosevelt. When he learned how the picture had been made, the President refused to allow it to be published. But he did consent to jump for a genuine photograph, and the resulting likeness was the well-known picture.

As it was with that photograph, so it is with hundreds of other pictures of men and events that come to us in our daily newspapers and periodicals. We glance at them casually and throw them aside, little realizing that the story of many a photograph is far more interesting than the photograph itself. Behind it may lie weeks of toil and privation, hairbreadth escapes, or deeds of real heroism. By the man who took the pictures these are unregarded. They are commonplaces. They are all in the day's work. With him, too, the picture's the thing, and the only thing. His heart is in his art, and to him a rare negative is more to be desired than rubies or fine gold.

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PLAZA CAGANCHA, ONE OF THE SEVEN HANDSOME SQUARES OF MONTEVIDEO

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MONTEVIDEO

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN THE SERIES ON SOUTH AMERICA

*Too few people in the United States have any conception of Latin-American civilization; few realize, in particular, how highly developed is the urban life of the larger republics of South America, and still fewer know that one of the most beautiful cities in the world is the capital of Uruguay. Of this city we have received a large number of beautiful photographs, which are a revelation to any one who has not visited South America. We regret that we can reproduce only a very small proportion of these pictures. In selecting these, the problem has been what to omit, and how to represent fairly the environs, the streets, the residences, and the stately and luxuriant parks of Montevideo. The pictures that are reproduced here are, however, sufficient to show how much many of the cities of the United States might learn from the Uruguayan capital.—*THE EDITORS.

ON the afternoon of November 3 we crossed the boundary line from Brazil into Uruguay, and were at once received by representatives of the Uruguayan Government. There was little change in the character of the territory. The Uruguayan "camp"—as the open land is called—is a rich, fertile country of rolling prairie, well watered, with here and there ranges of hills. From the windows of the railway train we saw herds of cattle and horses, many of the cattle evidently Herefords or Durhams. The picturesque mounted herdsmen, the gauchos, were also always in evidence; splendid horsemen, at utter ease no matter what their horses might do. Most of them wore curious baggy trousers, loose shirts, *serapes*, and broad hats, but now and then we came across individuals with ordinary trousers thrust into top boots, such as one would see in our own Western country.

There is very little wild land left in Uruguay, but much the largest proportion of all the land is still exclusively pastural. There has been, however, a great growth not only of the cities but of agriculture, and the gaucho is no longer the all-important character he once was. This undoubtedly tends for stability in government, because the many excellent traits of the gaucho did not include understanding of the need of orderly democratic self-government as our people understand it. I am very thankful, however, that the gaucho still remains, and I hope that he always will remain, a prominent feature of the life of Uruguay. He is a strikingly picturesque and distinctively national feature. Not only did we continually see these herdsmen, but again and again we passed numbers of the big two-wheeled carts in which they transport their families and household effects as well as the products of the great ranches. At nightfall we saw the fires glimmer from the camping places in the neighborhood of which these carts were drawn up. We also passed the little mud-walled, thatch-roofed houses in which the families of the gauchos lived. As one of the Uruguayan public men laughingly expressed it to us, they did not differ very much except in size from the curious houses of the ovenbirds which we saw occupying the flat-topped part of about every third telegraph pole beside the railway.

I cannot forbear calling attention to these very interesting and attractive little birds which thus habitually build their disproportionately large-domed houses so confidingly near the railway. The entrance is away from the cars; but this is the only symptom that they pay any heed to the railway at all; and the telegraph poles they evidently regard merely as conveniences for nest-building, inasmuch as they are provided with a flat top.

Next morning we were in Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, a beautiful city of some three or four hundred thousand inhabitants. Like Australia and the United States, and of course like Europe, South America shows the modern tendency—by no means a healthy tendency—to see great cities grow relatively faster than the country districts. This is as true of Montevideo and Buenos Aires as of Seattle and Portland, Sydney and Melbourne.

Montevideo has a character of its own,

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and great charm, for, though it has grown with much rapidity, it has not shown the almost abnormal growth of cities like Buenos Aires and Chicago. In consequence, although a great commercial city, a railway and steamship center, with a huge export trade of wool and frozen beef, it yet keeps an attractive Old World flavor, a sense of continuity with its own past. There are beautiful parks, wide, attractive streets, and stately private houses, with lovely gardens. There is a public rose garden, where, as the director, who fairly lives in his flowers, told us, there are twelve thousand roses of eight hundred different kinds.

In the immediate neighborhood of Montevideo the country is flat, excepting for one prominent conical hill crowned by an ancient Spanish fort, now turned into a lighthouse. This is as delightful as a castle-crowned hill by the Rhine, and we rode out to it, and from it obtained an extensive and very beautiful view, not only of the city itself, but of the rich green flat country round about.

THE CITY OF MONTEVIDEO AS SEEN FROM RAMIREZ BEACH

As everywhere in South America, French is commonly spoken by the men and women who take the lead in political, social, and industrial life. Indeed, as I have already said, more French books than native books are read, for France is the cultural mistress of the southern continent. Unfortunately I do not speak Spanish, but I speak French with fearlessness, and with a fluency marred by occasional complete halts, which necessitate backing out and beginning all over again, on the basis of saying what one can instead of what one wishes to. I am afraid that my French sounds a little as if it were a non-Aryan tongue of the agglutinative type composed of word-roots and with neither tense nor gender; but some of the friends I met spoke French only a little better than mine, and all of them were courteous, and so I was able not only to enjoy myself, but to get a great deal of information.

The President of Uruguay is a man of exceptional power and ability, and very interesting to meet. I was also much interested by the judges and legislative and executive officials whom I saw. In Uruguay, as in the other South American countries I visited, there was very evident a resolute purpose not only to achieve industrial success as the northern nations of Europe and America have achieved it, but also to achieve both energy and practical ability in the actual handling of public affairs. There is a complete realization now, and for many years past there has been a growing realization, that government must be tested by the practical efficiency with which it works, and that it is imperatively necessary to substitute other methods than those of forcible revolution for the settlement of political differences.

The South Americans are fully aware of our faults, and, naturally enough, are a little irritated by the fact that our manners are not as good as theirs. But they are intelligently desirous of assimilating and making their own the good qualities which they regard as responsible for our material success. One of the Uruguayan Ministers, when I told him how much I enjoyed the courtesy and politeness of all their people, laughed in response,

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PLAZA CONSTITUCION

AVENIDA 18 DE JULIO

"Considered one of the finest boulevards in South America"

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MONTEVIDEO'S GREAT ROSE GARDEN, CONTAINING 12,000 ROSES OF 800 DIFFERENT KINDS

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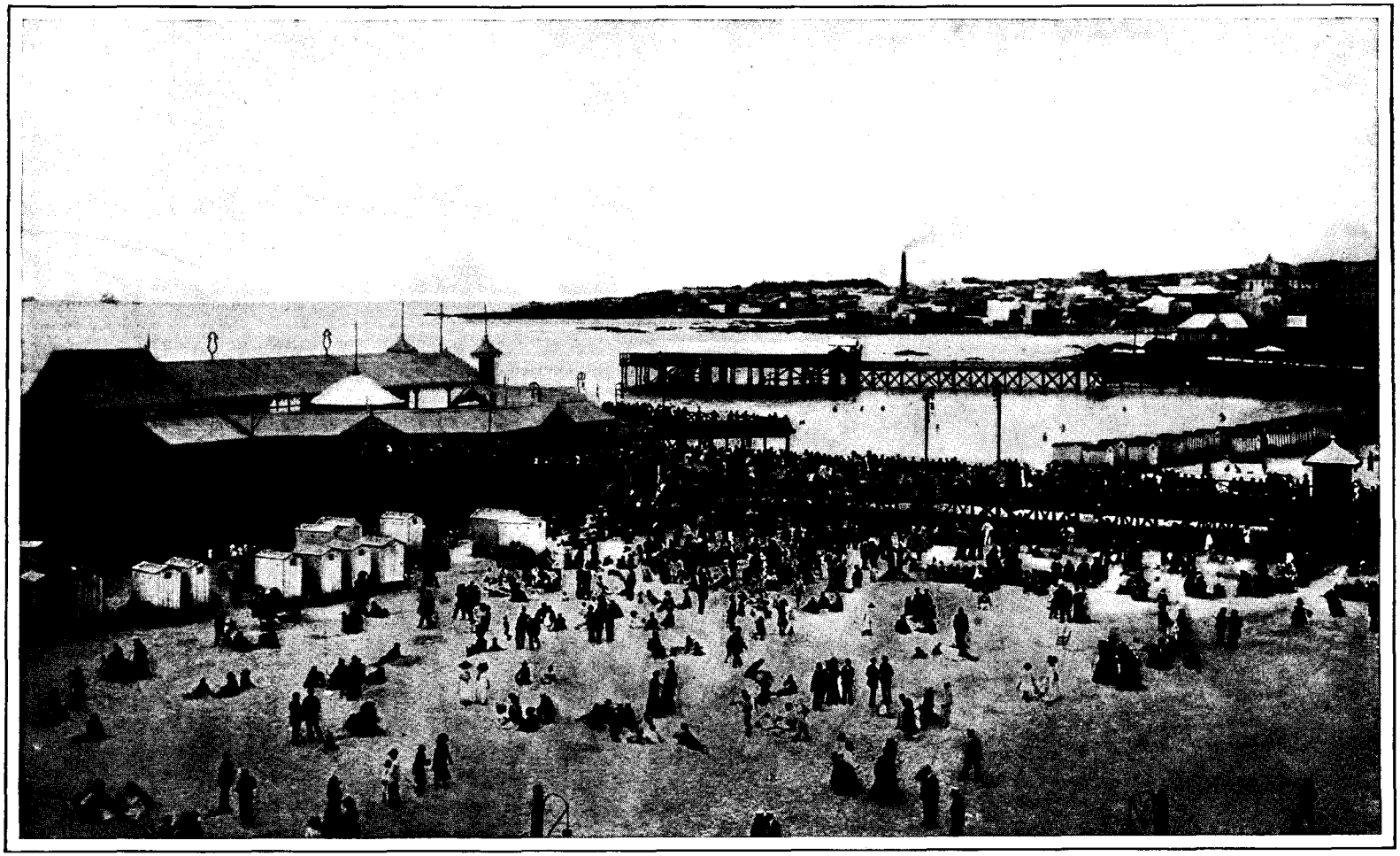

RAMIREZ BEACH, A POPULAR BATHING RESORT

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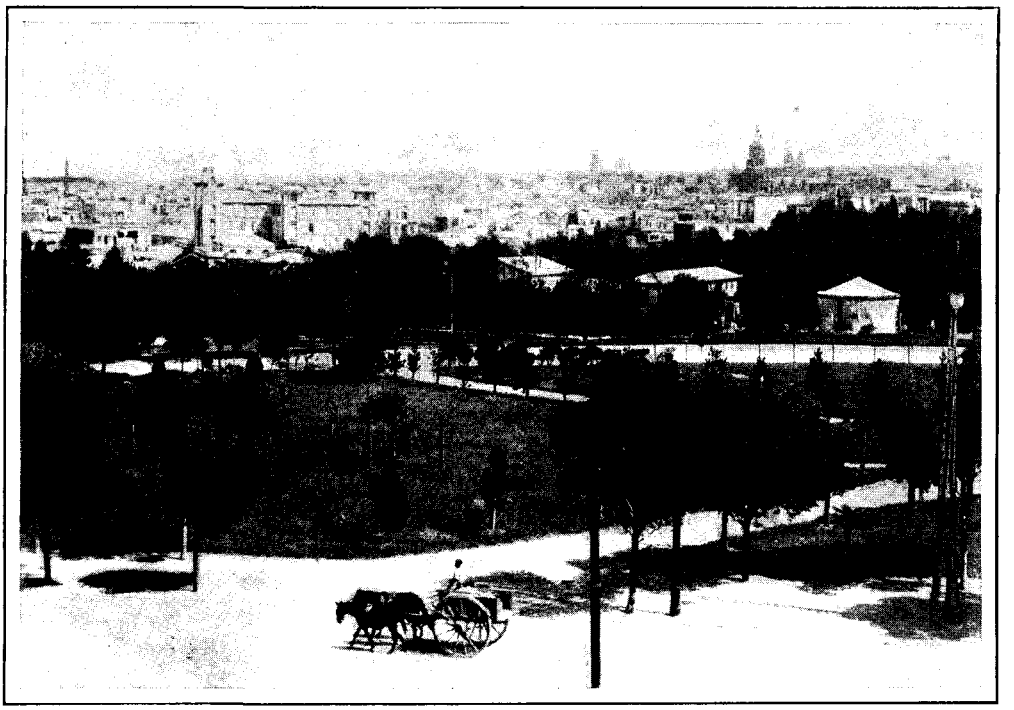
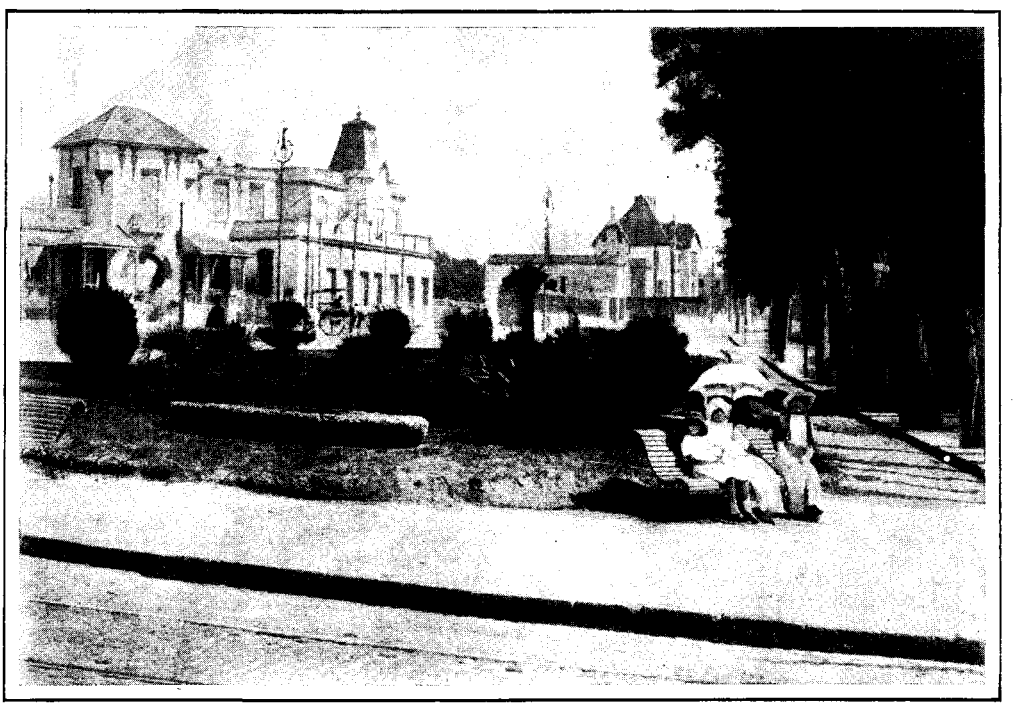


GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY FROM PARQUE URBANO



A SMALL PARK IN THE RESIDENTIAL SECTION

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HOTEL CASINO

THE UNIVERSITY OF MEDICINE

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AN AVENUE OF EUCALYPTUS TREES IN THE PRADO

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LAKE IN PARQUE URBANO (CITY PARK)

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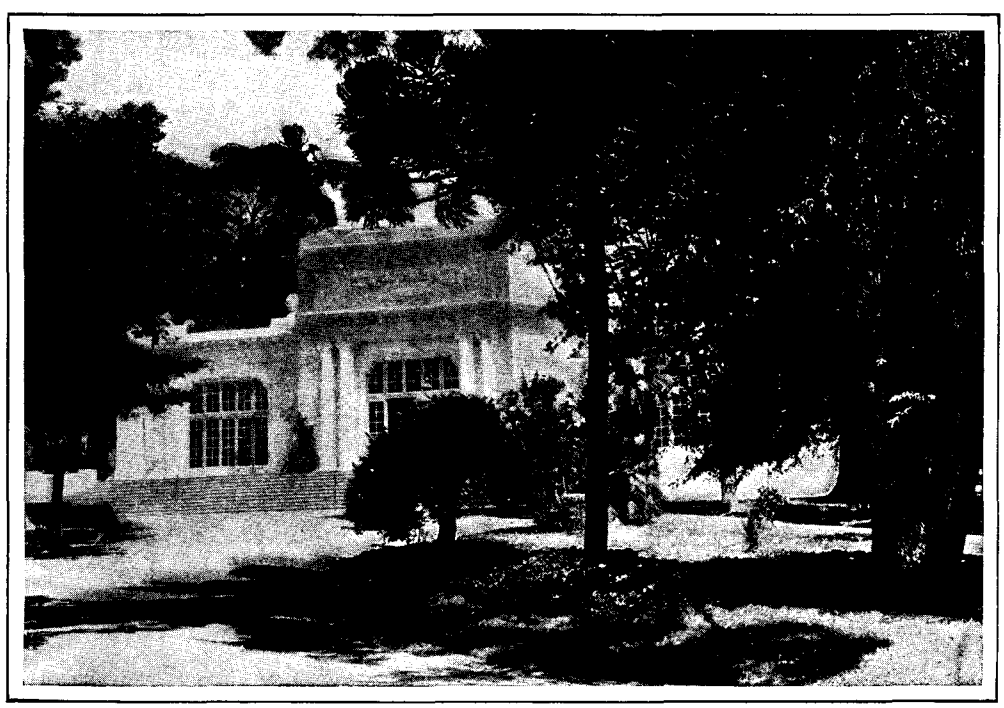
MONTEVIDEO HAS SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL PARKS. THIS SCENE IS IN PARQUE URBANO



AN ATTRACTIVE RESTAURANT IN PARQUE URBANO

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and then, looking at me seriously, answered that, while he thought good manners important, he thought energy and self-reliance and power of working with practical efficiency for a desired end even more important. I answered that there was no possible reason why people should not combine both in matters international as well as in matters within one's own nation.

There was one rather interesting incident. At the lunch, in proposing my health, the President alluded with emphatic fervor to what I had done in defending and interpreting the Monroe Doctrine. He said:

"I invite you to drink to the health of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, to whom has fallen the lot of presiding for seven years over the destinies of the glorious Republic of the United States of America, and of being the guide during that lapse of time of almost a hundred million inhabitants, and whom we greet as the champion of every just cause that has called for his support; the defender of the Monroe Doctrine in the interests of the whole of America; the stanch partisan of international justice and of peace with honor; the fervent propagandist of force and character placed at the service of public welfare."

In answer I said:

"Mr. President, I thank you, and through you the people of Uruguay, for your courtesy and generous hospitality. I am deeply touched by the President's speech, because of what he says about me, and even more of what he says about my country. Moreover, in this speech the President has, with laconic brevity and clearness, set forth the doctrine in which I earnestly believe. I believe in honorable peace; I believe in strength of character placed at the service of the public good. I believe in the rule of right and justice at home and between nations; I believe in international justice. I am accordingly pleased with the interpretation placed by the President on my position as an upholder of the Monroe Doctrine. It is in no sense a doctrine of one-sided advantage; it is to invoke only in the interest of all our commonwealths of the Western Hemisphere. It should be invoked by all our nations in a spirit of mutual self-respect, and on a footing of complete equality of both right and obligation. Therefore, as soon as any country of the New World stands on a sufficiently high footing of orderly liberty and achieved success, of self-respecting strength, it becomes a guarantor of the doctrine on a footing of complete equality. I congratulate the countries of South America that I have visited and am about to visit that their progress is such, in justice, political stability, and material prosperity, as to make them also the sponsors of the Monroe Doctrine, so that, as regards them, all that the United States has to do is to stand ready as one of the great brotherhood of American nations to join with them in upholding the doctrine should they at any time desire, in the interest of the Western Hemisphere, that we should do so. I drink, Mr. President, to your health, and to the health of the Republic of Uruguay."

Every responsible South American public man whom I met dwelt upon both of two facts. Each one thoroughly recognized that if governments were weak and disorderly and impotent because of chronic revolutionary disturbance it was necessary to treat them on a wholly different footing from stable governments. But each insisted, furthermore, that where the government, as was the case with certain South American states, had been put upon a stable footing, where the nation had outgrown the period of revolutionary disturbance and was able to enforce order and justice at home, and in self-respecting fashion to show that it could make headway against outsiders, it was entitled as a matter of right to be treated by the United States on a footing of equality and mutual self-respect. I assured my hosts that this was emphatically my own view and had always been my own view.

I usually added that the history of my own country illustrated just the point they made. When there was civil war, we lost all power of enforcing respect for the Monroe Doctrine, we lost all power of carrying weight in the world on any conceivable subject. If we had split up into two or more wrangling confederacies, we should have become negligible quantities in the world at large, impotent to secure justice for ourselves and powerless to be of the least benefit to others. We would have occupied the same position that was occupied in their worst days by certain of the Latin-American republics.

It is sheer nonsense to talk of the Monroe Doctrine as an "outworn doctrine" so far as the Isthmus of Panama and the entire line of approach to the Panama Canal is concerned, including the insular and continental lands by which this line of approach can be controlled. Stable and orderly native govern-

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ments, able to enforce respect from abroad and scrupulous to respect the rights of the others, if established along this line of approach, would of course relieve us of all necessity of invoking the Monroe Doctrine as far as they were concerned. But at present, if the United States did not assert its supremacy along this line of approach and over the Isthmus itself, the result would merely be that some European or Asiatic power would take its place, and this would be damaging to every American commonwealth. For example, Colombia, unless she is obsessed by perverse folly, will benefit even more than the United States by the building of the Canal, for it will afford her a means of traffic and intercourse relatively more important than is the case with the United States itself. When it became our imperative duty to build the Canal, and Colombia blocked the way, the United States Government exhausted every honorable expedient to get Colombia to permit us to treat her at the highest plane of consideration. The action finally taken will in the long run prove as beneficial to the people of Colombia as to the people of the rest of the Western Hemisphere. The Canal would never have been built at all had the United States Government not taken precisely the action it did take. The American statesmen and publicists who champion any other view are either guilty of criminal folly or else are deliberately sinning against the light in the very meanest spirit of endeavor to secure partisan advantage by mendacity about the public record and by smirching the public honor.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HARPER

LEAVING MONTEVIDEO IN A URUGUAYAN WAR-SHIP

From left to right, Father Zahm, Mr. Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt, and Mr. Kermit Roosevelt

I was much interested while in South America to find that every responsible public man thoroughly understood the need of our having acted exactly as we did act as regards Panama. They treated the clamor against our action by certain men in our own country as indicating at the best weakness of head, and at the worst a desire to secure partisan advantage at the expense of public morality and interest. As one of the chief officials in one of the countries I visited put it, the case was exactly as if he were going down a narrow street on an important errand and met a man who would not let him pass; in such case he would beg the man to let him pass; he would try to get by him on one side, and then on the other side; but if politeness proved of no avail he would finally thrust the man out of his way and continue on his errand.

On the other hand, refusal by ourselves to be wronged should go hand in hand with cordial recognition of good conduct in others. In three or four at least, and possibly others, of the Latin-American republics orderly and stable government has been achieved, and there is the same substantial respect for the rights of outsiders as is shown in our own community. In these, moreover, there is some power to enforce respect from abroad. It is the clear duty of the United States to make it evident in all its relations that it treats these republics on a basis of full equality and of mutual self-respect. As regards these republics, the Monroe Doctrine exists only in the sense that they are its sponsors as much as is the United States, and that if ever in any dire need they should invoke the aid of the United States, the United States would stand willing and able to render such aid.

In the evening we went on a Uruguayan war-ship across to Buenos Aires.

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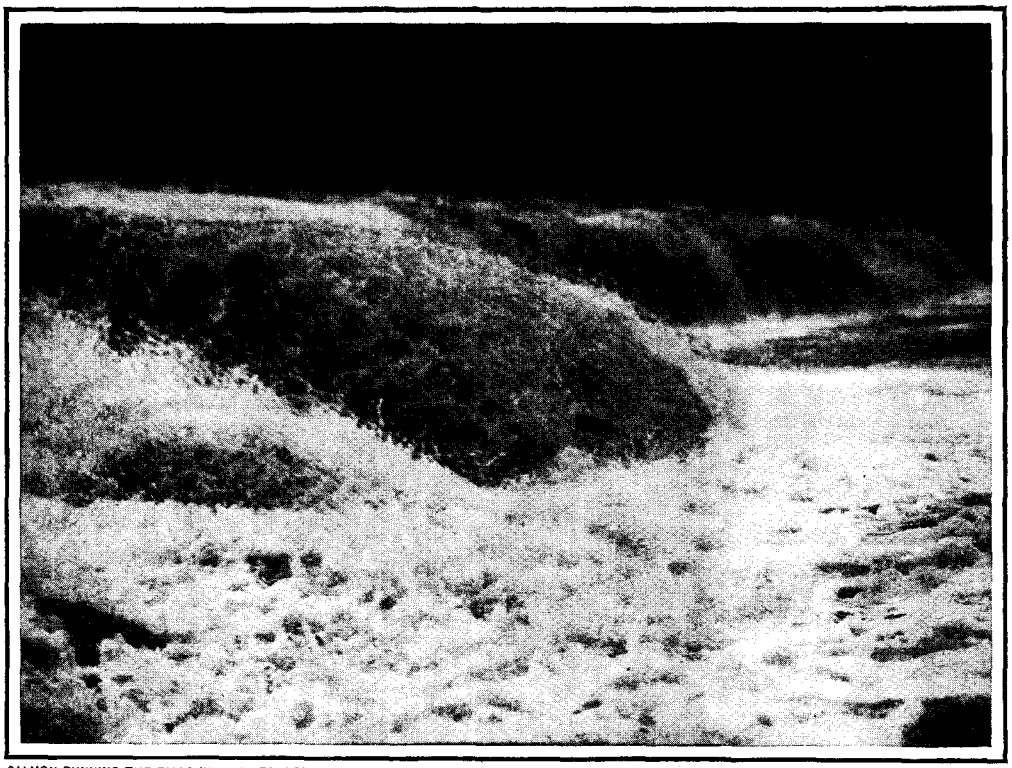

SALMON RUNNING THE FALLS IN A NEWFOUNDLAND RIVER TO THEIR SPAWNING GROUNDS

UNFREQUENTED WAYS IN NEWFOUNDLAND

BY FULLERTON L. WALDO, F.R.G.S.

LAND travel in Newfoundland is not without its vicissitudes even in these days of the Reid-Newfoundland Railway running from one piano-box station to the next through the spruce and firs and flashing lakes of the central demesne, where the caribou and the salmon are the resident population. The Methodist minister at Lewisporte, in February, 1912, sought to get to St. John's, 255 miles distant by rail, with an ailing wife and his several children. The first few hundred yards from the parsonage to the station were accomplished by flogging through the drifts on an "ox-slide" used for hauling lumber. At a house by the station there was a wait of a fortnight till the train could start. Once in that time, on snow-shoes, the dominie made his way back to his house over twenty-foot drifts. When the train finally started, it was moved only with the help of five engines, two rotary snow-plows, and a hundred men with shovels. It was two more weeks on the way—a car-load of beef proving the salvation of the passengers. Sometimes ice forms on the rails to a thickness of ten or twelve inches; then the engine runs off the tracks unharmed, buried to the top of its smoke-stack in the drifts. Trains are snow-bound for months, and have been occasionally held in durance the whole winter long. Engineers and firemen have been known to empty their fire-box and spend the night inside.

Nor is a sea journey along the coast without excitement for the traveler. Probably those are right who say that the Newfoundland sailors are the best in the world—for they have need to be. Perhaps in no other corner of the world are there such knotty problems for the sailing-master in the way of shoals and reefs, rocks barely under water, fogs and gales and bergs from the illimitable supply of Greenland's Humboldt glacier.

Unforgotten by these Newfoundland sailor-

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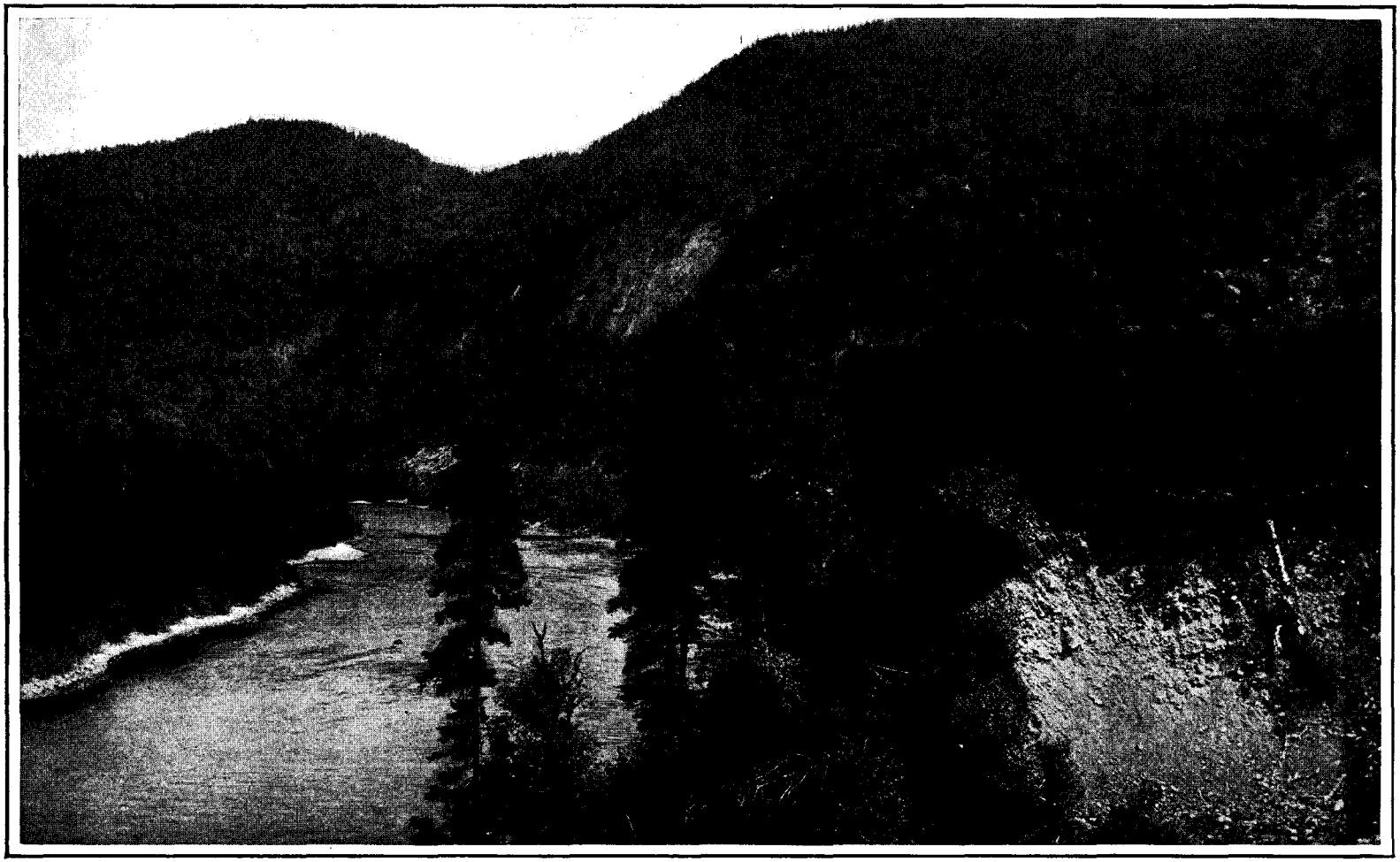

A VIEW OF THE HUMBER RIVER, WESTERN COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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men is the fate of the Queen on Gull Island, three miles offshore from Cape St. John. She went on the rocks in the wild icy whistling of a December gale, when there was no friendly light ashore. That sober-minded green-backed book of 818 pages "The Newfoundland and Labrador Pilot" tells us that this Gull Island is one hundred and sixty-one feet above the mean of the tides, with nothing but grass upon it. Six passengers were landed here from the wrecked ship, among them a doctor and a woman. The crew worked desperately upon the wreck trying to put supplies ashore, knowing the frigid barrenness they would find. But the current dragged the ship off the reef again, threw it upon the Old Harry Shoals near by, and all the crew were drowned. The six passengers, lugging the fragment of a sail, painfully clambered to the summit of the island. Days went by, foodless, waterless. They drew lots to decide who should die first. The doctor's diary, kept till the last, tells the story. When the lot fell to the woman, her brother gave himself in her place.

No more is known till the spring that followed—making even the island crags lovely with the buttercups and irises—when a hunter, skirting Gull Island, shot a duck that fell where the surf was leaping on those black and serrated rocks, which, like the vertebræ of a dragon, gauntly lifted their heads above the surface of the sea. He made a landing to look for his quarry. He did not find it. Afterwards he insisted that it was a phantom fowl, sent to guide him to the place of the wreck. He toiled to the top of the islet, and found the six corpses, huddled under their fragment of sail-cloth, one of the bodies holding in its emaciated fingers a piece of human flesh it had been unable to devour. At Twillingate, miles away, a man insisted that on the night of the wreck, and two nights thereafter, he heard voices calling to him from the island; but friends and neighbors held him from going, and ridiculed his fantasy. Such is the growth of popular legend.

With this story fresh in our minds, in a fog as thick as gravy we crept along the eastern flank of the northern peninsula (the Petit Nord) on a day in September. We were presumed to be ten miles out at sea beyond the Brehat Shoal. Suddenly there was a cry from a man and a boy standing in a bobbing tiny fishing skiff we had all but struck. Our captain, restless on the bridge as a leopard at feeding time, knitting his brows at the fog as though it were fine print, and forbidding talk below him, called the fisherman up the companion ladder and to the bridge. Then we confirmed the truth of what we had suspected from the presence of so small a boat off our bows—the shore was close at hand. A few minutes later, and but a stone's throw distant, were the jagged rocks of the razor edges of Brehat Bay, ready to take us and tear us as we knew a reef had just done to the sister ship of our vessel outside of Battle Harbor. We changed our course, and a little later, as though an unseen hand had drawn us thence, we were all but on the rocks of the southern shore of White Island. Then, without warning, an enormous berg glimmered suddenly out of the fog directly in our path. Finally, in mid-afternoon the black and formidable bastion of Belle Isle barred the way, and we rested till morning within ear-shot of two fog-horns—one a bull of Bashan, the other a wailful siren—sounding from the invisible shore. All around us were vessels, little and big, lost and whimpering and telling each other by wireless the same monotonous things about the fog. With the morning hours came the sunlight and our emancipation, and in the first half-hour of our release eight bergs swept grandly by, any one of which would have crushed another Titanic.

It is a thousand miles around Newfoundland from headland to headland, and thrice as far should you turn in at every tempting indentation. So that the size of it is something between that of Ireland and of the State of New York. A third of its area is water. Like Ireland, it is a snakeless country. As Audubon told us long ago, there are no crickets. Toads, frogs, turtles, and squirrels too are among the missing. The people live along the shore. One parson told me that he thought nothing of skating sixty miles in a day—his parish was perhaps three hundred miles long and half a mile wide. Should night overtake him on such a journey, he digs a hole in a snowbank, lines it with spruce boughs, and prepares to "hibernate" like a bear. If he is thirsty, he adds a pinch of tea or sugar to the snow ere he swallows it. The costume of this man belonged, by rights, to the period of the pioneers in the "Leather-Stocking Tales." He seemed the contemporary of some of the people described by Washington Irving in the "Sketch Book." His talk represented a racy inheritance from the age of Elizabeth by way of

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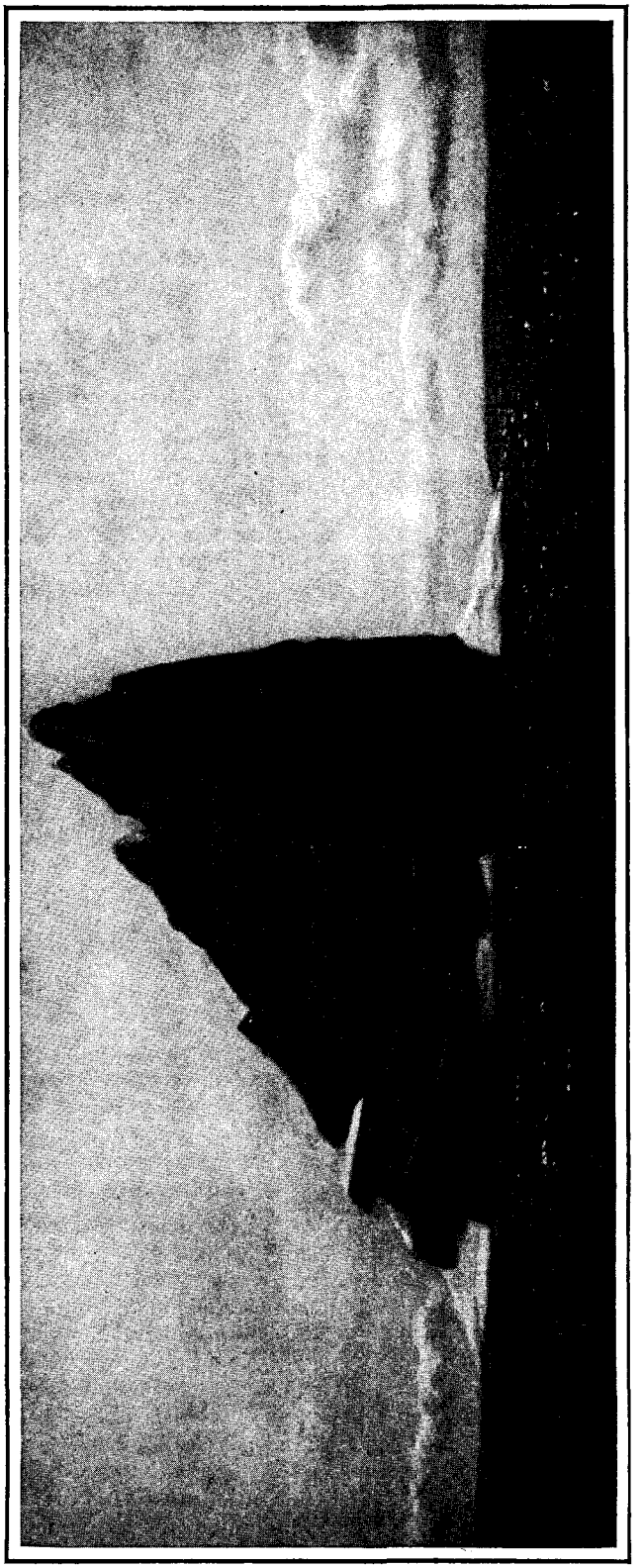

AN ICEBERG OFF TILT COVE, NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF NOTRE DAME BAY

Devonshire, Somersetshire, or Yorkshire. He would have been surprised if you had told him that he talked with a brogue, though he might innocently maintain that his less cultivated neighbors were guilty.

Island etymology indeed does wanton violence to its French inheritance. Thus Lance-au-Diable has been perverted into "Nancy Jobble;" L'Argent Bay has become Bay Le John; Point Enrage has been flatly contradicted into Point Rosy; and Bay d'Espoir has suffered a sea change into the exactly contrary meaning of Bay Despair. St. Keels probably came from Cinq Isles. Isle aux Bois has easily suggested the juvenile paradise of the Isle of Boys, and Baie de Boules (boulders) has found itself brusquely reduced to Bay Bulls. Peignoir is now Pinware. Cape Race itself is a corruption of Cape Razé—the cape that is sheer. Blomidon has degenerated into Blow-me-down, Grand Bruit has become Grand Brute, Roche Blanch is now Rose Blanche, and Rencontre is Round Counter.

Teased into the Newfoundland vernacular, St. Croix has become Sancroze; Cuckold Cove perpetuates an Elizabethan word—but once it was Cockle Cove. If you hear a loon called a "baccaloo bird," the name comes from Baccalaos Island, and that is a Portuguese term for the codfish, apparently twisted out of a word of the aboriginal Indian (or Beothuk) language. The last of the Beothuks seen alive was Mary March, who was laid to rest in an exposed pine coffin on the shore of Red Indian Lake in 1823, after a journey to St. John's (like Pocahontas's trip

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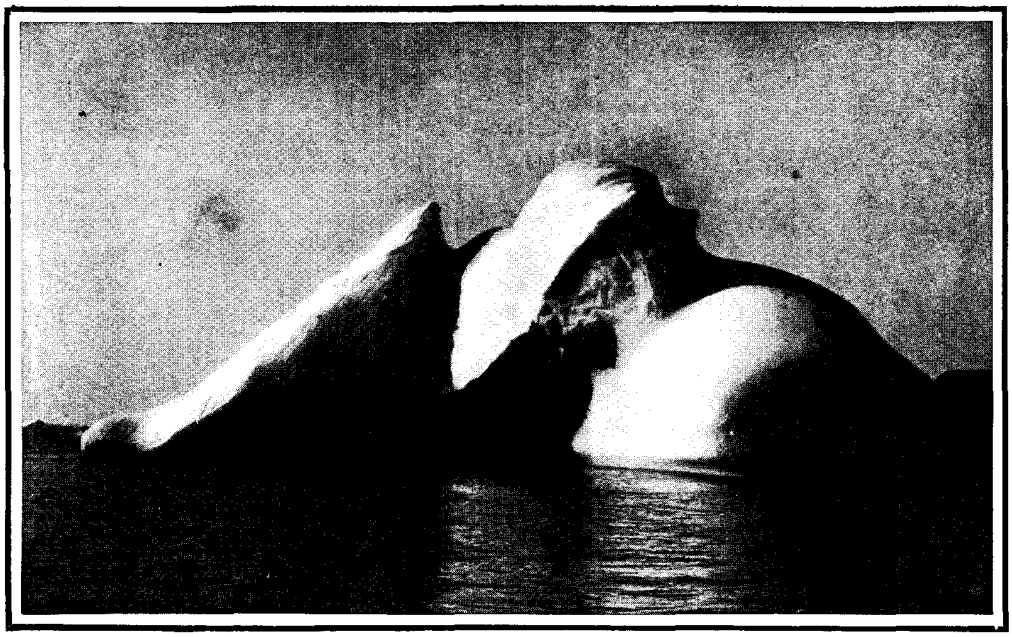

A SILENT PERIL TO SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

to London) that was her death. They tried to return her to her tribe—and her tribe had disappeared from the face of the earth!

The ordinary talk of Newfoundland is filled with hard sayings. "He's taken his dog and his cat, and he's gone to the woods." This is to say that he's gone a-lumbering, for cat is short for catamaran, and that means, not a two-hulled vessel for the sea, but a sledge for the land. Dog-sledge and horse-sledge are differentiated as dog-cat and horse-cat. Whence is the word "longers" derived as applied to the long transverse poles upon the fish-flakes (scaffolds)? Does it come, as a St. John's philologist ingeniously suggests, from the "longiores" used in building Cæsar's bridge, in that famous chapter of the "Gallic Wars" with which many a school-boy has struggled?

You may hear such expressions as the following: "I saw Tom Murphy. He must have been to a funeral; he had his behavior on." This does not mean that Tom's demeanor was decorous, but that he donned his silk hat for the occasion. "Sammy is writin' some poetry—I saw him just now a-humorin' of it with his foot." Is that not an expressive phrase for the bard's ecstasy as he beats out the rhythm? To be photographed is to be "sketched off." Should you speak of such a modernism as a "snap-shot," you may be told, "Yes, I heard ye a-firin' of 'em!" The word blizzard is not used for one of the desperate snow-storms, and a child who was asked the meaning answered that it was the inside of a hen. "The big spuds are not very jonnick yet" means that the potatoes are still not cooked. If something "hatches" in your "glutch," there is an obstruction in your throat, for "hatch" of course means "catch," and glutch may have something to do with glottis. V for f is Dorsetshire dialect, and "fir" is "var." The women "vuzzing up their vires" are fussing their fires up (*i. e.*, making them ready). "It wouldn't be vitty" is the rebuke of an impropriety. "Thiccy" for "this" steps straight from the pages of "Lorna Doone." By a transliteration aspen becomes aps (the same thing that has happened with the words "third" and "three"), hasp is haps, wasp is waps. Seal is syle or swyle, and a hopeful fisherman will say, "If I could rig up a derrick, now, to h'ist me over the fore part of the winter, wi' the help o' God an' a sou'westerly wind an' a few syles, I might manage to make out till spring." A little piece of ice is a knob, a larger piece is a pan, and "a good big copy from pan to pan" implies a formidable distance. The little boys in St. John's practice jumping across rain-barrels and mud-puddles as against the day when they get their "tickets" and go "to the ice" for the seals, and the ability to jump quickly and jump far may save their lives.

The end of one of the wharf pilings, pro-

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jecting above the surface, is a gump-head. We say gump or chump for a stupid person or "blockhead." Fish half cured is said to be half saved—fish, by a Supreme Court decision, being synonymous with "codfish." A man who is "not all there" is therefore said to be half-saved. So many of the figures of speech come from the nautical terminology. One who comes home from a land voyage may say, "My killiks are down," though a killik is a stone anchor incased in timber for a small fishing-boat.

There is a wealth of popular ballad literature for one who goes on the still-hunt after it. The songs written about shipwrecks—and every big storm has its sequel in a crop of them—are called "Come-all-ye's," for they usually begin with the invocation, "Come all ye gallant fishermen." Their literary merit may be judged from one or two excerpts:

"The Lily Joyce stuck in the ice,
So did the Husky too;
Captain Bill Ryan left Terry behin'
To paddle his own canoe."

Or:

"'Twas on the 29th of June,
As all may know the same;
The wind did blow most wonderful,
All in a flurry came," etc.

The latter was written and sung to a hymn tune. Instead of "Eeny, Meeny," the boys of St. John's use:

"Hiram, jiram, bumbo, lock;
Six wires in a clock,
Six pins turning wins,
Dibby, dabby, o-u-t
Spells out."

Another play formula is:

"Silver locks, silver key,
Touch, go run away!"

"Drummers," often called "janneys," journey from house to house like Christmas waits, in extravagant costume, sometimes wearing models of full-rigged ships on their heads. They cry at the door in a squeaky voice, "Any janneys in to-night?" and are then supposed to be invited in and regaled with rum (or peppermint water) and cake.

It was a question of a wedding, not of a funeral, when a young man of Portugal Cove said to a parson:

"Pa'son, would ye say a few words over me?"

"Certainly. Where's the young lady?"

"I haven't asked her yit, pa'son. But I will. She's right across the road."

So William Thomas rushed across the road to where the young woman sat on a boulder; and she answered, "Of course," in a voice that could be heard all over the district.

"Come to me after second lesson," said the parson, mindful of his five obligations to preach in widely scattered places that day.

The couple duly presented themselves. When the parson asked, "Who giveth this woman?" none appeared for that office. In a front pew sat old man Gray and old man Welshman. The former nudged the latter bearded patriarch. "Shove 'em off! Shove 'em off!" His adjuration met only with emphatic negative nods. Whereupon old man Gray valorously stepped into the breach.

Stumbling up the steps into the chancel, he seized the hands of the contracting parties, joined them violently as though coupling cars on the Reid-Newfoundland Railway, and said in a voice of triumph, "There, pa'son!"

The service proceeded till the agitated groom was bidden to say, "I, William Thomas, take thee, Maria Ann." "Say it after me," the parson repeated. Still not a word from the panic-stricken groom, whose knees knocked together, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth and his reason forsaking him. Then old man Gray again leaped into the breach, with a violent clap between his principal's shoulders to remind him of his duty. The parson perforce retired into the robing-room to stifle his sense of humor with the sleeve of a frayed and ancient cassock hanging there. Upon emerging, old man Gray was heard volubly apologizing. "Beg pardon, Tammas, beg pardon, but ye know I do be tur'ble vigorous!"

What is a parson to do with a woman who wants her child baptized "Joseph Hyena," except to remonstrate, "Woman, that's a brute's name?" To which she firmly rejoins, "Husband, when he went down on the Labrador, left me a book wi' the name."

"Bring the book."

The volume is produced, and a disputatious forefinger points to the name in clear print: "Josephine."

A local stipendiary magistrate, sitting for the first time, hardly knew what to do with a culprit brought before him. The S. M. owed his proud title to a term in the island Legislature at St. John's, and was without judicial experience. The lawyer said, "Your Honor, I move the prisoner be discharged." "You have heard the motion," said the Magistrate, gravely. "All in favor say aye!" Whereupon the prisoner and his lawyer said "Aye" in a loud voice, and stalked out of the court-room, arm in arm, with none to say them nay.

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A MILLERSTOWN PRODIGAL

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

WITH DRAWINGS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

"ADDISON!"

Lying prone upon a pile of sand in the corner of the cast-house, Addison Miller lifted his head from his arms. Above him the boss towered threateningly.

"Where is that shovel with the broken handle, say?"

Addison lay down once more. On the opposite side of the cast-house the other men sprawled about also. There was nothing to do in this last half-hour before six o'clock but rest. The boss did not need the shovel; he was only mocking Addison.

"She is over by the wall," answered Addison, sullenly.

"'She!'" shouted the boss so that the other men might hear. "What 'she'?"

"Ay, the shovel," said Addison. "You said, Where is the shovel? I say, The shovel, she is there."

Addison was prepared for the yell which rose from the group across the sanded floor. They were English—Irish, Millerstown would have called them scornfully; they laughed at Addison's good Pennsylvania German.

"You just wait once!" he yelled back at them. "Some day I give it to you. Then each one will get a hit!"

Having hurled his pitiful defiance, Addison lay down once more. His body ached, his soul was burdened by the thought of his great labors. He said to himself that the work was killing him, that he might even now have some terrible disease which would make an end of him here in the little boarding-house which he hated, or which might overwhelm him as he helped to direct the stream of molten iron from the tapping-hole and plunge him to a fiery death. Even his mother, who drove him to work, would relent if she saw the danger of his task. It was true that other men survived and grew old, but Addison knew that he would never grow old. He saw himself filling an early grave in Millerstown, provided, alas! that there were anything left of him to send to Millerstown.

Presently Addison sat up and looked about him. The October twilight was rapidly fading; his fellow-workmen who jeered at him were gathering together their dinner-pails and coats. In a moment the great siren whistle would begin the wail which to Addison was like the cry of his own despair. Already the noisy voices of the incoming shift could be heard across the yard. For the next twelve

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hours these advancing men would take up the unholy task of relieving the groaning monster of its burden. Next week Addison would be changed to the night shift, whose boss, even more brutal than the day boss, hailed him always as "Dutchy" and who had probably already planned his death.

All Addison's motions were slow, strong and well as he looked. He blinked round him at the great cast-house with the dim shadows under the high roof, at the sanded floor laid out in patterns for the next cast, at the monstrous shaft of the furnace vanishing upward into the blackness. One familiar with cathedrals might have compared the cast-house to a great, dim church. Addison, however, was not familiar with cathedrals; the only churchly association which the scene had for him was its resemblance to a great picture which hung in the attic of the Millerstown Sunday-school, in which creatures clad in red garments and carrying strange forks and instruments of torture rushed about in just such a light as streamed from the molten iron at casting time. If his good little mother could see this place, she would be appalled.

Now Addison climbed slowly to his feet, his companions still jeering.

"Elephant!" called one. "He gets up like the elephant at the circus."

"And you like—like—" But Addison could think of no comparison sufficiently insulting.

Addison groaned aloud. He was stiff. He had never been accustomed to any work harder than helping his mother in her garden or driving the cow home from pasture. He did not know how he should get back to his boarding-house to the meal which was not fit to eat.

"My mom would have good pie for supper," he said, miserably, to himself. "She would have crullers to it yet and shoo-fly pie. She would not buy bread from the baker and cinnamon buns, she would cook things. It is like eating stones to eat such stuff. She would make me anything I wanted for supper; she would—"

Suddenly Addison straightened his shoulders and drew in a long breath of the cool air. He stood inside the gate which led out of the furnace yard contemplating, not the quiet evening, nor the dark hills, nor the faint golden light in the west, but his own joy. His heart leaped, his knees shook; like the prodigal, Addison came suddenly to himself.

"I am going home to my mom," he said aloud. "This evening yet I am going home to Millerstown to my mom."

Stirred by excitement, Addison began to walk rapidly. His motions were so sudden that he knocked the dinner-pail from the hand of a workman coming in through the gate. Then he fell over the tracks outside, and got to his feet again, laughing to himself. Any one else who had worked at the furnace for three weeks would have been familiar with the position of the track. But Addison in his misery had observed nothing.

"I am going home to my mom," said Addison to himself once more. "I am going rightaways home to my mom."

Addison's landlady was not one who gave herself up, body and soul, night and day, to work and the planning of work, as did Addison's mother and the other women in Millerstown. She had put the supper on the table, and she sat now at her mechanical piano playing comfortably. There were lace curtains at the windows and a red carpet on the floor. In Addison's eyes Millerstown possessed nothing half so magnificent.

Addison climbed the stairs to his room three steps at a time. Then he got into his best clothes, his hands shaking.

"I will leave these old things here," he said to himself. "My board is paid till to-day, she may have these for to-day's board. I am going back home to my mom."

At the supper-table he answered sharply the sallies of the men. They had made a butt of him because he was a German. They should tease him no more. He would not tell them that he was going away. He was afraid that they might stop him; that they might have been told by his mother to have a watch upon him. His mother was little, but she had a tremendous will. He could not understand such energy as hers. It frightened him. He could not work as his mother wished him to work; it was impossible. His mother had found this place for him, she expected him to keep it, but she would not want to have him killed!

"I will talk to her," planned Addison. "She said often already that I am all she has. She will want me to stay by her. I will stay in Millerstown, and when I have rested me up a while, then I will get work in Millerstown."

The fare to Millerstown took half Addison's money, but he was not disturbed. He would need no money at home; his mother

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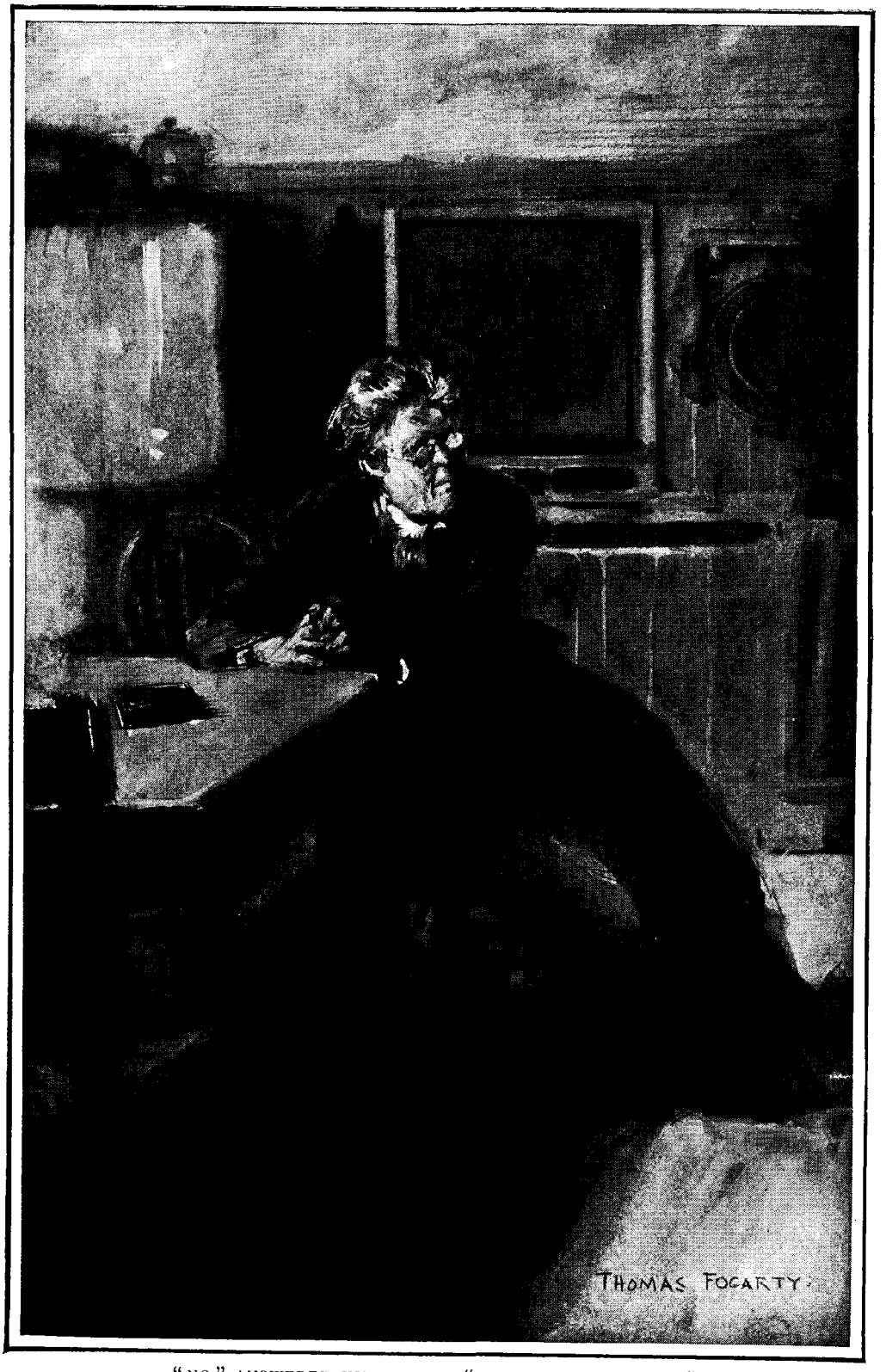

"NO," ANSWERED HIS MOTHER, "I CANNOT LET YOU IN"

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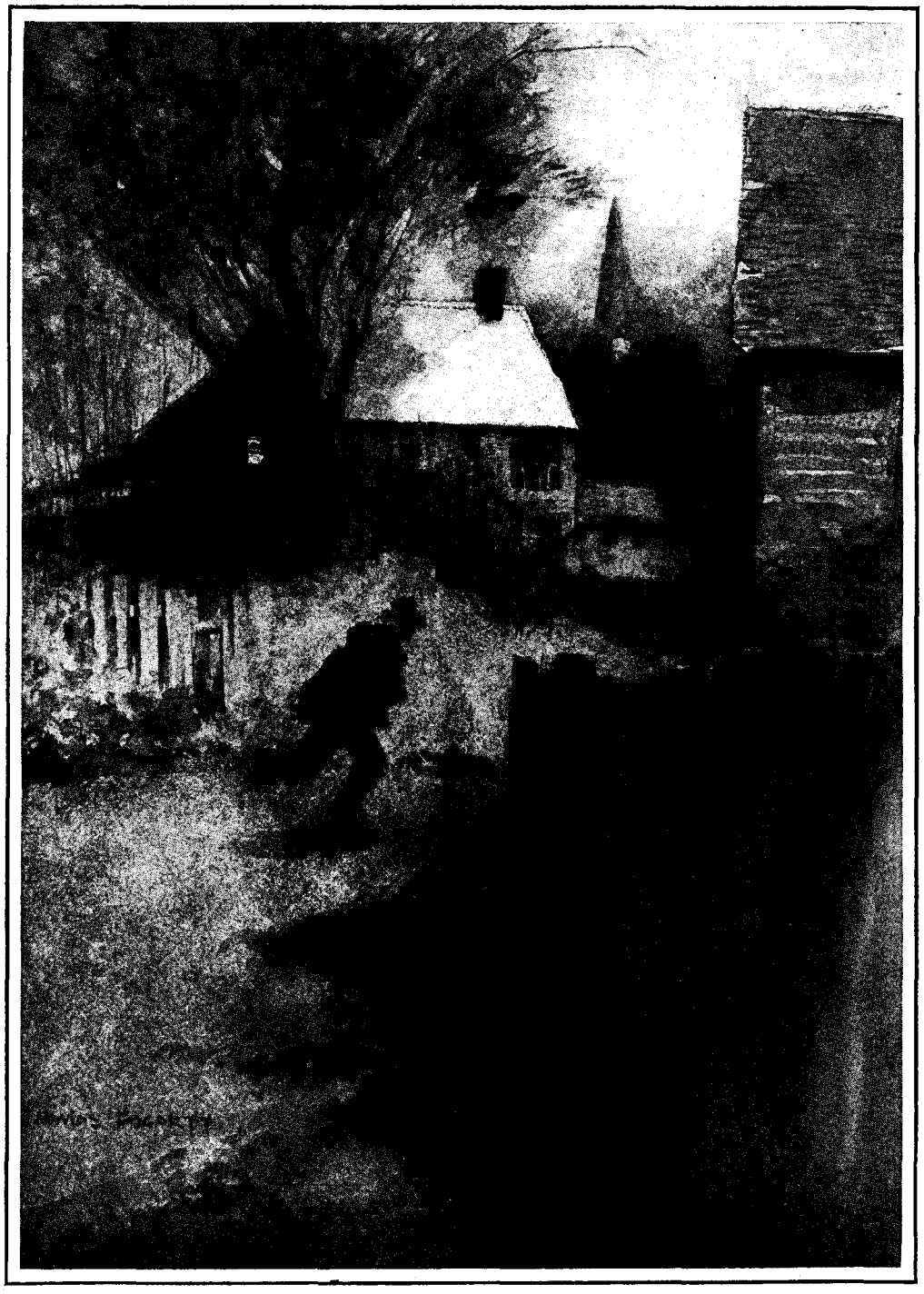

HE STARTED TO RUN DOWN THE DARK AND SHADOWY STREET

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would take care of him. He thought of her again as he sat in the train.

"My mom can do anything," he said.

Once he remembered uncomfortably how she had insisted upon his working. From the time that he was fourteen years old she had been after him, night and day. He could recall a hundred pleasant mornings when he had been roused from sleep, first to help her, then to go to Farmer Weygandt's to learn to farm, or to the smith's to learn to make horseshoes, or to the store to learn to sell goods. He had never kept any position very long. His mother had not punished him—a hundred pounds cannot well punish a hundred and seventy. She had only urged him in season and out of season. She had not even reproached him; a certain pride restrained her from accusations of neglect.

"She can do anything!" said Addison to himself with pride. "And now I will help her."

Millerstown lay dark and quiet at the foot of its little mountain. Addison remembered as he got off at the end of the train that it was prayer-meeting evening and that his mother would not be at home. He was hungry; he wondered eagerly what she would have in her cupboard; he thought, as of a long-past horror, of the bought cinnamon buns and the baker's bread of his boarding-house.

"That woman, she rests all the time," he said to himself. "My mom does not rest."

It occurred to him as he went up the street that Millerstown would be surprised to see him back. He was conscious that his ways did not have Millerstown's approval. But his mother would explain why he had come, his mother would allow no one to speak against him.

He desired suddenly to see her at once, and he turned into the yard of the little New Baptist Church. He would not speak to her before all the people, he would look in at the window, and, having seen her, would go home and await her there.

The prayer-meeting was over, but the New Baptists had lingered to talk, as was their custom. He was still less fond of these fellow church-members of his mother's than he was of Millerstown in general. They assumed an air of proprietorship over his mother. One of them, fat Lizzie Miley, had once dared to reproach him because he did not work!

His mother was surrounded by them now; beside the huge bulk of Lizzie Miley she looked almost like a little girl. She had begun to wear the black silk sunbonnet of the older women; it was that, Addison thought, and the fact that he was so far away from her and she missed him, that made her look older and more tired. But now he would stay with her and work for her.

He did not mean to let any of them see him, but he heard Lizzie Miley mention his name in her sharp voice, and unconsciously he moved a little closer to the window.

"Is he there yet?" asked Lizzie Miley of his mother. "Is Addison there yet in his place? Or has he given this place up already?"

Addison's mother looked brightly back at Lizzie Miley.

"Yes," she said, proudly, raising her voice so that all the New Baptists might hear. "He is at his place yet. When he gets a start, he will begin to send money home. He gets good pay. He"—Addison's mother glanced around at her interested audience. Never in his life up to this time had she been able to boast of him to the New Baptists.

Then suddenly the color left her cheeks and she gave a little cry. Outside the window she had seen her son, his blue eyes staring into the room. Addison was certain that she would speak to him, and say that she had been mistaken and that he had come back. Deception was not possible to her simple soul.

Instead, she turned her back upon the

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window and reassured the New Baptists, who were frightened by her cry.

"I am all right," she insisted. "It is nothing. A little pain took me, that was all. It took me in my side. . . . No, not in my heart, Lizzie. I—" She finished with a gasp, looking at Lizzie Miley. "He has still his place, Lizzie."

Then, with shoulders straightened, Addison's mother walked down the aisle and out of the door.

For a few minutes Addison waited. He ought not to have come upon her like that; he had frightened her—he thought of it with awe—he had frightened her into telling a lie. The other members of the New Baptist Church followed her, they would soon catch up to her. But she would get rid of them and be waiting for him, and she would feed him, and they would talk together. He had never been willing to make plans with her, but now he would plan.

In half an hour Addison opened the gate of his mother's yard and went to the kitchen door. The familiar latch waited for his hand; he smiled as he touched it. Then he felt of it curiously. To his amazement, it did not yield to his grasp. Could his mother have stopped by the way? But she had seen him; she would have gone home as quickly as possible to greet him. He remembered the tears with which she had bade him good-by; surely she would be anxious to see him now. Perhaps she could not get away from Lizzie Miley. He would sit down on the step and wait.

At the end of half an hour Addison tried the door again. The latch did not lift.

Then he began to call, frantically. Perhaps the shock of seeing him had hurt his mother. Perhaps she was lying ill. Addison pounded on the door.

"Mom!" he called. "Mom!"

Addison thought he heard a slight stir.

"Are you sick?" he called. "Open the door, mom!"

"I am not sick," said his mother, clearly, from within.

"Then open the door!" commanded Addison, in amazement. "It is Addison!"

No sound responded to his call. He shook the door again. Then he listened. Again he heard her move.

"Are you cross over me, mom?" he asked, bewildered at the silence.

His mother did not answer.

"I have come home to stay with you, mom."

Even this announcement did not serve to unlatch the door. Addison began suddenly to tremble. He remembered that he had something to explain, and explanation is not easy to a closed door.

"The work was too hard, mom. I had to carry heavy iron, mom. I was afraid I would do myself something. And I had to take a shovel to dam the iron when it flowed out. It was hotter than live coals. I was afraid it would kill me."

Still there was silence in the little kitchen.

"They laughed all the time over me," explained Addison, with less assurance.

Then suddenly Addison got down on his knees and began to talk through the little hole above the latch. It seemed to him that the world was turning turvy.

"I am hungry, mom."

He thought he heard his mother crying. He began to coax like a child.

"Let me in, mom. I will work for you, mom. You won't have anything to do all day." He could see into the room through the little opening. His mother sat by the kitchen table with her head bowed on her arms. The little kitchen spoke of hard, never-ending toil. He thought suddenly of his landlady sitting at her mechanical piano. His mother had never seen such a thing. "I will work hard for you, mom."

Still his mother did not move.

"I am your boy Addison, mom," he said, wheedlingly. He thought with a gasp of the dark shadows in the cast-house, of the early hours, of the terrible rush of molten iron. "I am going to stay by you. I am your boy Addison."

He could see his mother rise to her feet, clinging to the table. She spoke in a hollow, broken voice; she looked like an old woman. To her son she was suddenly the dearest and most desirable creature in the world.

"My son Addison has yet his place," she said, as she had said to Lizzie Miley. "He works like other men. Other men lift heavy things and tend to iron, and he does it too. He earns good wages. He is no longer a shame to me. I am getting so I cannot work so hard. My things are getting old. I will soon need new clothes to cover me. All these things my son will get for me. I—"

Then Addison's mother swayed and her voice thickened.

"My son has made me lie," she said.

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"He has made it that for the first time in my life I have told a lie."

Then Addison's mother sat down and once more hid her face on the little table.

"Mom!" cried Addison, frantically; "let me in!"

"No," answered his mother, "I cannot let you in."

Again, wildly, Addison began to plead. He said to himself that she had turned against him, that she was all he had, and she had turned against him.

"I am your son," he repeated. "And I am hungry."

With his mother's answer it seemed to Addison that the world came finally to an end.

"I cannot help it," said she. "I cannot let you in."

In confusion of mind which was torture Addison looked about him. The dark shadows of the night reminded him of the dark shadows of the cast-house; he seemed to hear in the stillness echoes of all the sounds which frightened him; the groaning of the furnace, the shouts of the boss, the clang of iron against iron. Then a real sound penetrated to his ears—the whistle of the train at the next station. It was like the first breath of the siren which roused him from his heavy sleep.

He got dizzily up from his knees and straightened himself to his great height. He said to himself that he must win his mother back or he would die.

"Mom," he said, "I am going back to my work."

Then, without a moment's lingering, he started to run down the dark and shadowy street.

COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

SOME PRESENT ASPECTS

SENTIMENT AND BUSINESS are two entirely different things, according to the dictionary, but in the experience of daily life they are closely related.

In America the interrogatory salutation of "How do you do?" has given way to the more frequent "How's business?" and the reply just now generally made is, "Sentiment is better."

This means that optimism has succeeded pessimism, and that people are looking on the bright instead of the dark side of things. But does it mean anything more?

We all know the constructive force of hope, and we have high authority for the belief that faith will remove mountains. We know, too, that cheerfulness aids convalescence, and that a determined will may sometimes conquer disease; but the pathologist will tell us that, no matter how cheerfully confident the patient may be, his recovery is impossible unless the restorative processes of nature's chemistry are able to convert food into blood, tissue, and nervous and physical strength. As it is with the human body, so it is with the body commercial and financial. It is fortunate for us all that optimism is normal. This world would indeed be a terrible and unlivable place if we did not speedily forget sorrow, loss, and failure. In times of depression and panic it is the duty of every one to hold aloft the banner of hope and repair the foundations of confidence; but when the crisis has passed and the emotional reaction has set in, it is equally our duty to inquire carefully into the reasons for our former distress and make sure that the causes of our economic disorder have been removed.

The late William James said that one difference between men and animals was that men were qualified to hold an impulse in suspense and to deliberate before yielding to it, but that animals possessed no such power of self-restraint.

Just now the recent world-wide decline in interest rates has excited an impulse toward business extension that should be most deliberately considered before we allow ourselves to act.

Even among those whose vocation presupposes a thorough knowledge of such

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subjects there is a lamentable ignorance as to what constitutes wealth. This ignorance is chiefly apparent in the tendency to mistake the phenomena of expenditure for an evidence of wealth, and to misinterpret the velocity of money into an assurance of prosperity.

When every one is spending freely and borrowing largely, we say business is good, and we assume that because low rates of interest make it easy to borrow we shall shortly be spending freely and that business will soon revive.

The fundamental error is in our misconception of the nature of wealth and our disregard of the fact that without wealth there can be no material progress and very little progress in any direction, for even the laboratory of the scientist and the library of the philosopher involve expenditure.

What, then, is wealth? It is simply that portion of the salable product of man's industry and intelligence that is not exchanged by him for things that are immediately consumed or are impermanent or unproductive. This is true of the individual, the nation, and the world. If a man receives one thousand dollars a year for his labor and spends it all for rent, food, and clothing, he will always be poor. If those among whom he disburses it spend all their profits for the same things, they will always be poor; and the nation whose taxes are spent for the maintenance of unproductive armies and armaments or the prosecution of destructive war will always be poor. Capital is the unexpended product of human effort, mental or physical, and it benefits society only when invested in things which make that effort more productive or efficient. He who buys more clothes than he needs, an unnecessary equipage, or an excessive quantity of food, adds nothing to the world's store of wealth except in so far as they from whom he buys shall conserve and invest their profit on his purchases; but he who puts his surplus income into the bonds or stocks of enterprises that produce those things of which the world has real need adds to his own wealth and that of the community.

It is the wealth so accumulated that is the basis of credit now obtainable at such low rares of interest, and these low rates prevail because people are spending less for things that are unnecessary, and those who supply unnecessary things have no occasion to borrow the money they previously used in satisfying the demands of extravagance.

This is didactic, but it is essential that it be well understood. The distressful experiences of 1913 were almost entirely due to the fact that the rate of expenditure left no margin for accumulation. Individually, most people were spending more than they were making. As J. J. Hill said, it was not the high cost of living, but the "cost of high living," that was impoverishing us. Collectively and nationally, the world was doing the same thing.

In Europe the living have been taxed and posterity mortgaged to maintain millions of men in standing armies that in an economic sense are unproductive and wasteful.

In America the thoughtless extravagance of the people and the socialistic expenditures of government have been equally wasteful. This has been largely a consequence of the corporate consolidation effected during the period in which the United States Steel Corporation was formed. Property that originally cost little was converted overnight into stocks and bonds having a marketable value that ran into the billions, and the illusion of wealth so created led to an enormous extension of credit and a riotous extravagance that gradually spread over the entire country, and found expression in a competition of ostentatious expenditure that has dissipated many fortunes and made nearly every income seem inadequate.

Before we assume that the present optimism as to the future is justified we must determine whether this tendency has been changed. In an economic sense it is vicious. In its ethical aspect it is unmoral if not immoral.

The reason for the hope of better times, in so far as I am able to discern, is not to be found in the belief that people will *save* more, but in the hope that they may shortly be induced to *spend* more.

President Wilson's rather unfortunate allusion to the Federal Reserve Bill as furnishing "the machinery for free, elastic, and uncontrolled credits," and the widely published statement that the new system will make possible a credit expansion of two billion dollars, are largely responsible for the theory that we shall shortly enter upon an era of wild speculation that will be fostered by the ease with which money can be borrowed upon assets or credit not hitherto negotiable.

If the better sentiment springs from this

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anticipation, it is not warranted, for there is every reason to hope that the Federal Reserve Board will consist of men whose strength and sanity will enable them to resist the pressure to which they will be subjected. If not, the consequences will be disaster, for never before in our history has a body of men been burdened with such economic responsibility. It is said that the Directors of the Bank of England "can attract gold from the moon by keeping the discount rate in London sufficiently high," but the power which they yield is relatively small when compared to that with which the Federal Reserve Board has been endowed. Inasmuch as intelligent criticism of the Federal Reserve System makes a rudimentary knowledge of the English financial machinery essential, it may be here in order to explain briefly the working of

THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND ITS "RATE."

The "Bank" is not, as many think, owned by the Government. Its stock is held by the public and is frequently bought and sold. Its paid-in capital is £14,553,000 (about $75,000,000), and those who own its shares have no additional liability, as in the case of United States National banks. For some years past it has paid dividends equal to from nine to ten per cent annually, and the price of its stock has ranged between 235 and 272. The Governors of the Bank are elected by the stockholders. No one who owns less than £500 of stock may vote, and each shareholder so qualified has but one vote irrespective of the number of shares owned. In order to vote a stockholder must have held his stock for six months, unless it has been acquired by inheritance or marriage. These provisions make the control of the Bank by any special interest practically impossible. The management is vested in twenty-six directors chosen from among London's representative merchants and bankers.

The executive head is the Governor, who is also a director.

The bank has the exclusive privilege of issuing bank notes. These may be issued only against gold held by the Bank for the payment of such notes and against Government securities, but in the latter case to the extent of not more than £18,450,000.

The aggregate amount of such bank notes in circulation varies widely, being at present about £30,000,000, against £55,000,000 in March, 1911.

It should be clearly understood that the Bank has no power to issue notes except against an equal amount of gold in its possession and Government securities to the extent of £18,450,000, as above stated. This makes impossible any inflation in English currency.

In cases of grave panic the Bank may apply for and has secured from the Government what is known as "a suspension of the Bank Act," and has then issued notes in excess of the gold in its issue department, but this privilege has been but rarely used for brief periods in crises of historic severity.

From these restrictions it results that all English currency (except fractional silver) is either gold or bank notes exchangeable at any time for the gold held against them. This is emphasized because in it lies what many regard as the strength of the English system, and because in the opinion of many the chief defect of the Federal Reserve Bill is that it permits the unlimited issuance of "Federal Reserve Notes" against a gold reserve of only forty per cent.

In addition to issuing "bank notes" against which the gold is held in the "issue department," the Bank of England also transacts the general business of a bank of deposit and discount, but in an entirely separate department. Any one properly introduced and carrying a moderately large balance may open an account with the Bank of England in London or at its numerous branches, but as its loans are chiefly confined to the purchase of prime bankers' acceptances, it results that the Bank is chiefly a "bankers' bank," with balances which consist mainly of the reserve which other banks and bankers keep against their deposit liabilities. English banks, other than the Bank of England, carry comparatively small amounts of cash in their reserves, which are generally described as consisting of "cash in hand and cash at the Bank of England." It is therefore necessary for the Bank of England to keep a cash reserve which is very large as compared with that usually carried by so-called reserve banks in America. The gold reserve against deposits carried by the Bank of England is rarely less than forty per cent, and at the end of January last had risen to 55⅜ per cent. Its deposits then were about £60,000,000, of which £33,883,000 was held in gold in its reserve account, this reserve being in addition to, and entirely independent of, the gold held against note issues and for other purposes.

The "minimum rate" at which the Bank of England may make loans or discounts is

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fixed by its Board of Directors generally on each Thursday. This is the "bank rate."

Any change in it immediately affects the value of money throughout the world, because it reflects the judgment of the best-informed group of men in London as to the present and prospective value of credit.

The influence of the bank rate is largely moral, and due to the confidence which the financial world has in the integrity, public spirit, and intelligence of the men who are directors.

The deposits which they have to lend are not nearly as large as those of many English banks that keep their reserves with the Bank of England.

For instance, the London City and Midland Bank, of which Sir Edward Holden is Chairman, had deposits of $469,167,000 on December 31, 1913, as against about $305,000,000 of deposits in the Bank of England on the same date.

When money is easy, the bank rate is generally above the market, but when it becomes scarce and high the Bank is always a lender at its minimum rate, which is raised only as it may be necessary to protect the reserve. The ability to secure, if necessary, a "suspension of the Bank Act" leads the world to feel that money is always to be had "at a rate" in London, and this feeling, with the supreme confidence in the directorate of the Bank of England, is largely responsible for the financial and commercial supremacy of Great Britain.

The directors of the Bank of England wield the power of traditional conservatism and enjoy a carefully guarded prestige for remarkably sound judgment. By inheritance and training most of them are financiers.

It will be well if our Federal Reserve Board shall realize that confidence is a plant whose first growth is exceedingly slow.

THE NEW POSTAL MONEY-ORDER, which will be payable at *any* post-office in the United States, instead of at one particular office, as previously, will provide the country with a substitute for bank exchange that will largely reduce the demand for the latter. When considered in connection with the provision of the Federal Reserve Bill which makes checks on any Federal Reserve bank receivable at par by any other Federal Reserve bank, it seems likely to reduce greatly the quantity of cash that will have to be shipped about the country. This is another blow at the express companies, a substantial portion of whose present revenue is derived from the expressage of money.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT AND COTTON CROPS FOR 1913 are the largest on record. This is exceedingly important. It indicates, not only an abundant supply of two most important staples, but also that high prices for agricultural commodities are commencing to have some effect upon production, and that there is likely to be a corresponding reduction in the cost of some of the essential things of life.

The United States Agricultural Department estimates the world's wheat crop in 1913 at 4,125,658,000 bushels. This is 298,571,000 bushels more than the previous year and about a billion bushels in excess of the crop of 1902, when, for the first time, three billions were produced.

The world's cotton crop for 1913 is estimated at 23.421,000 bales of 500 pounds each, as compared with 22,151,000 bales in 1911, which was the heaviest production previously. The proportion of this supply grown in the United States is the smallest since the War of the Confederacy and the reconstruction period. Large crops have been produced in India and China, and still larger crops are expected. Since opium production has been interdicted, much of the land hitherto devoted to the cultivation of the poppy plant is being put in cotton. This is one of the most interesting and unexpected consequences of the war against opium. There are some who fear for the American monopoly of cotton production if the high-priced labor of the Southern States shall have to measure its economic efficiency with the poorly paid but industrious Chinaman.

CHEAPER CORN BECAUSE OF THE TARIFF.—The decline in the price of corn which has occurred because the Underwood Bill put corn on the free list has not been generally noticed.

Last year's corn crop was shortened by the drought in the Middle West. An active speculation ensued, and the price advanced to seventy-five cents a bushel. Many thought it would go to eighty cents, but it was found that considerable quantities of the large crop of corn that had been produced in Argentina were being shipped to the United States. Thus far it is said that about 25,000,000 bushels have been received, and many more cargoes are on the way. The price of corn has declined to sixty cents, and the speculation has collapsed. While the amount that has been shipped from South America is not

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large as compared with the entire American crop, it is considerable in its relation to that portion of the corn crop which enters directly into commerce. It is said that not more than seventeen per cent of the American corn crop leaves the farms. On a total production of 2,500,000,000 bushels this is 425,000,000, so that Argentina shipments of 50,000,000 will go a long way toward replenishing the commercial stocks of corn.

THE NEW BOOKS

THE THEORY OF SOCIAL REVOLUTIONS

Mr. Brooks Adams is a brilliant writer who is at the same time a thorough scholar. He has done nothing which embodies both qualities more thoroughly than his book on "The Theory of Social Revolutions,"[1] which must be counted one of the few real contributions to the literature which interprets the political and economic changes now going on in this country. The book is frank and uncompromising in its statement of its positions, and those positions are at the first view radical; but the historical illustrations with which the positions are reinforced and the breadth of view with which they are presented make the book essentially conservative.

Mr. Adams's thesis is that the Government of the United States to-day is in its essence capitalistic, and that as a governing power and an efficient administrative force, at many points, capitalism has distinctly failed; and he holds that the abuses of which the capitalistic government has been guilty have been perpetrated and are being perpetrated largely by the use of American courts and by lawmaking judges. These theses are enforced at length and with great vigor of statement and illustration.

There is nothing revolutionary in the temper of the book; it is in the last degree serious. It is, in fact, a solemn warning to the capitalistic class; and the perils which are invited by a capitalistic government are very clearly pointed out. Mr. Adams emphasizes with abundant historical illustration the curious blindness which often prevents a class in society from foreseeing the future, and commits it to a blundering policy which might have been avoided if the members of the class in power had been able to read the signs of the times. He points out the lack of perception of many large interests, and aptly illustrates the folly of this blindness by recalling the history of the privileged classes in France who drove Turgot from power and invited Danton and Robespierre in consequence. Turgot put the whole experience in a phrase when he said: "Well-timed reform alone averts revolution."

Mr. Adams draws a comparison between some modern capitalists and the lawyers who serve them and the French aristocrats of the old régime and the lawyers whom they employed. "The modern capitalist," he says, "not only thinks in terms of money, but he thinks in terms of money more exclusively than the French aristocrat or lawyer ever thought in terms of caste. The modern capitalist looks upon life as a financial combat of a very specialized kind, regulated by a code which he understands and has, indeed, himself concocted, but which is recognized by no one else in the world." It is the highly specialized development, Mr. Adams declares, that makes the selfish capitalist the most vulnerable of human beings in every other relation. He is at once the most powerful and the most helpless member of society. He is likely to suffer more than any one else from lawlessness, and yet he himself has often set the most striking example of lawlessness. His position and his interest demand that he should be an example of strict obedience to the letter and spirit of the law. The safety of his property lies in teaching men by his example deep regard for law; and yet, with many conspicuous exceptions, Mr. Adams declares that the great capitalist, "in spite of his vulnerability, is of all citizens the most lawless."

Many newspapers which enforce the capitalistic view not only uphold the worst abuses of capitalism and its worst lawlessness, but cheerfully side with any political machine if the alternative is the advent to power of men who will resolutely but rationally oppose the

[1] The Theory of Social Revolutions. By Brooks Adams. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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granting and preservation of special privileges. Mr. Adams emphasizes the great rewards at the bar which have come of late years to those who have served capitalism, and who, instead of interpreting to men their duties under the law, have advised them how to evade those duties. This attitude has had a profound effect in shaping the American legal mind, and has brought into being a class of men who have developed wonderful ingenuity, not in securing the just interpretation and right enforcement of law, but in preventing its proper application. The Constitution was drawn for the purpose of promoting and securing justice. Its dangerous enemies have not been those who criticise but those who interpret it so as to make it an instrument for the prevention of justice.

The most valuable feature of Mr. Adams's book is his dealing with the proper limitations of the judicial function and his very clear description of the manner in which many American courts have assumed legislative functions. He points out the fact that the deep unrest in England at the present day has not taken the form of attack upon the courts, because the English judges are exclusively judges; they never legislate. Whether the remedy which Mr. Adams proposes is accepted or not, the importance of his discussion of this subject can hardly be overestimated. It is the first clear, lucid, and authoritative presentation of the criticism of much judge-made law which has appeared in this country.

The book ought to have the widest reading, especially by men who are responsible for the management of great financial interests. Many of these men are already taking a progressive attitude. Men of this temper will be confirmed and strengthened by Mr. Adams's full and interesting discussion. Men of the reactionary temper may have their eyes opened to the dangers of the reactionary position, and by Mr. Adams's aid may be able to get some intelligent idea of the signs of the times and of the significance of the age in which they live—an age of great and radical changes, which, if rightly directed, mean immensely increased justice in society, immensely increased security of life and property, immensely increased friendliness and helpfulness. "Though these changes cannot be prevented, possibly they may to a degree be guided, as Washington guided the changes of 1789. To resist them perversely, as they were resisted at the Chicago Republican Convention of 1912, can only make the catastrophe, when it comes, as overwhelming as was the consequent defeat of the Republican party."

Forester's Daughter (The). By Hamlin Garland. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.

A slight but graphic romance of a forest ranger's life and work. The ranger's daughter is a fine, wholesome creature, and her love history is simple and true.

Home. The Century Company, New York. $1.30.

This anonymous novel was widely heralded when it appeared as a magazine serial. It has episodes and passages of stirring narrative, notably the story of the life in the South American wilderness of the man who believes (wrongly) that his wife has deserted him and forms an alliance—an illegal marriage, in actual fact—with a Spanish girl. On the other hand, there is, in parts of the novel, a good deal of vague philosophizing which is not effective or stimulating. As a whole, the book has promise, but is far from being an unqualified success.

Witness for the Defence (The). By A. E. W. Mason. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.30.

Mr. Mason is a past-master in the art of handling a situation so as to hold the interest tense. There are, indeed, two striking situations in this story and each holds the reader closely. In the first a distinguished lawyer goes on the stand and "lies like a gentleman" to save the woman he loves from an impending conviction for the murder of her half-crazed, alcoholic, and brutal husband; in the second he faces the question whether he shall hold his tongue when he finds that the woman is about to marry another man. The novel is an absorbing piece of story-telling.

Ascent of Denali (Mount McKinley), The. By Hudson Stuck. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

Modestly and with restraint Archdeacon Stuck tells the memorable story of his ascent of Mount McKinley—the first complete ascent of the highest peak in North America. We judge that generalship, patience, and planning long ahead were the winning qualities. Dr. Stuck says that the chief difficulties lie not so much in mountaineering obstacles as in Denali's remoteness and size, great distances over snow and ice, and the heavy burden of supplies that must be taken. But on the northeast ridge there is "all the spice of danger and sensation that any man could desire."

Buddhist China. By Reginald Fleming Johnston. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

The announcement that the President of China has influenced the Administrative Council to pass a resolution establishing certain state cere-

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monies in the Confucian religion, similar to those which were used by the Emperors, calls attention to the other religions in China—to Christianity, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, to Mohammedanism, to Taoism, and to Buddhism. With regard to the last named, we are about to witness a partial revival, predicts Mr. Johnston in his just-published "Buddhist China," an informative book. Perhaps it will disappoint some readers, however, because they will think it more informative on the historical than on the descriptive side.

Edge of the Woods and Other Papers (The). By Zephine Humphrey. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

This volume of essays is welcome, for many readers have enjoyed the fine quality of this thoughtful writer. Perhaps "The Lady of the Garden" stands pre-eminent for exquisite feeling and beautiful literary finish. Gay, gentle humor, true pathos, noble ideals, a certain grace, and a sure touch please the reader of these pages; and, best of all, their cheerful tone restores to his sometime questioning spirit firm faith in the ultimate good and strong hope for the "New Generation" so wisely warned and tenderly regarded by the author.

Greatest House at Chelsey (The). By Randall Davies. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.

This story is written for lovers of curious bits of historical lore. Built in 1520 by Sir Thomas More (at least so the author assumes), and demolished by Sir Harry Sloane two centuries later, the noble residence sheltered several notable families, excited the envy of others, and echoed to the voices of grave and gay ladies. The part of the handsome volume devoted to Sir Thomas More and his family, with beautiful reproductions of Holbein portraits, is the most interesting; but to learn of the intimate conduct of less-known personages and have them brought before the eye as living, influential people is both a literary and historical treat.

Pepys of Mogul India, 1653-1708 (A). Translated by William Irvine. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

The title chosen for an abridged edition of the "Storia Do Mogor" of Niccolas Manucci is peculiarly happy. The adventurer and writer ran away from Venice, being fourteen years old, in 1653, and from that time until his death in India (probably in 1717) he never lacked interesting experiences to record. The translation of his narrative preserves the simplicity of style, and doubtless reflects the actual conditions in India at the period of Mogul power. Manucci, left alone upon the sudden death of his English protector, whom he calls an Ambassador to Persia and India from England, found service under the eldest son of Shahjehan. His minute description of his first audience in Delhi brings before one's memory the present surroundings of the audience chamber where once the Mogul Emperor sat in gorgeous state. Manucci began to "practice medicine" in the simple faith born of necessity, and quite untrammeled by his ignorance, which at least was far less dark than that of his Mohammedan competitors. His was a direct soul. And, like the loved Pepys, he records his many adventures, celebrates his own prowess, and lauds his own virtues with charming candor. Altogether, to the lover of the Far East and the leisurely reader of details of human interest this volume will offer some hours of real pleasure.

American Year Book, 1913 (The). D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.50.

A fourth yearly volume of a highly valuable reference book. Under general heads such as American History, Foreign Affairs, Mining, Engineering, Public Services, Labor and Labor Legislation the events of the year in many fields are recorded. Art, literature, and science are included as well as economics, trade, and sociology. The book is non-partisan, compact, and well arranged.

Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods (The). The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

Serious thought, great dignity, and much dramatic power characterize these poems, often written in musical yet irregular form. The two plays, "Wild Justice" and "The Princess of Hanover," are grim tragedies. The former grips the imagination and stirs the emotions to a degree unusual in recent dramatic efforts. The author has received high praise from several English critics, among them being Frederic Harrison, Professor MacKail, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. Her poems are not so well known here, though as novelist and poet she has appeared upon the lecture platform.

Perlen englischer Dichtung in deutscher fassung von Herman Behr. Privately printed. Herman Behr, 75 Beekman Street, New York.

In this book, privately published, Herman Behr has tried to render Germans a service similar to that which the German Publication Society is performing for Americans. He has translated into his mother tongue some famous English poems, chiefly lyrical. All the poems are adequately rendered, yet none brilliantly. Lines that are noteworthy in the original are merely ordinary in the translation. The author has faithfully, but not inspiringly, accomplished a difficult task.

Across Siberia Alone. By Mrs. John Clarence Lee. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.35.

Here is another book on Siberia. Mrs. Lee has presented a practical, apparently up-to-date, and certainly useful account of that country. As the author says, "Siberia's need is that America should know her better." America will if America reads this book. And America should. Mrs. Lee writes in a very pleasant, direct, staccato style.

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BY THE WAY

Memories of the famous "fighting parson" of the Civil War, William G. Brownlow, have been revived recently through the death of his widow, Elizabeth O'Brien Brownlow. Mrs. Brownlow long survived her husband, living to the great age of ninety-five. "Parson" Brownlow was originally a Methodist circuit rider. He became editor of the Knoxville "Whig," was elected Governor of Tennessee in 1865, and later served a term in the United States Senate.

New York City's pay-roll for 1913 amounted to over one hundred million dollars. Thirty-two per cent of this amount went for educational purposes, while police work absorbed about fourteen per cent of the total.

The Prince of Wales, according to plans now being made, is to make a world tour next year. The present arrangements provide for a visit to the United States and Canada.

An Evanston, Illinois, bank, the papers state, is to place $1 to the credit of every baby born within the limits of the city. Parents are advised to deposit sums corresponding to the age of the child on each birthday, so that when the beneficiary of the account is twenty-one he will have $250 to his credit.

An electrical vegetable-paring machine is described in the "Electrical Review" as "removing by friction the whole of the refuse or outer skin of potatoes, turnips, etc." The unwashed vegetables are subjected to a constant spraying by water while the skin is being removed, so that they come from the machine clean as well as neatly pared.

A Yonkers (New York) woman with an eye to the sad realities of life left her fortune for the establishment of a home for "refined, educated, and Protestant gentlewomen whose means are small and whose home is made unhappy by having to live with relatives who think them in the way."

The Chinese Government, according to the "Manufacturers Record," has designated the J. G. White Engineering Corporation, of New York, to undertake the construction work of reclaiming the valley of the great Huai River and protecting it from overflow. It is estimated that the work of chaining this great river will require the employment of about 100,000 men in six years and will bring about the reclamation of some 17,000 acres of land.

"Good Storekeeping" quotes the President of the Association of Waste Material Dealers, Mr. Theodore Hofeller, of Buffalo, as saying that "the old tin cans and discarded cooking utensils and smashed stoves gathered from dumps last year alone produced material valued at $114,000,000." This sounds incredible, but almost everybody uses canned provisions in these days, cooking utensils will develop cracks and holes, and every one at times feels like smashing the kitchen stove—and so the figures may be correct.

Benjamin Franklin's birthday, January 17, was celebrated this year by banquets given by clubs of printers in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Baltimore, and other cities. In Baltimore the programme included a speech by Franklin himself—as personated by a club member.

Slot machines for selling books have been introduced in Germany. The books are arranged behind glass windows; underneath each volume is a number, which corresponds with another number placed on a slot alongside of the apparatus. When a mark (about the value of an American "quarter") is dropped into this slot, the book is released.

Two daring moving-picture actors lately jumped off the Williamsburg Bridge in New York City to illustrate a scene in a cinematograph play. The hero followed the heroine and saved her from the engulfing waves.

Popcorn or peanuts—which is the favorite gastronomic consolation or resource of Young America in its hours of sadness or gladness? Peanuts, it seems, have a large majority of the votes, for 20,000,000 bushels of peanuts are produced annually as against only 1,000,000 bushels of popcorn. But together these delectable delicacies are headliners at the 1,000 amusement parks and 1,500 county fairs of the United States. Popcorn has now also found a market, it is said, on the boulevards of Paris.

Bernard Shaw's article on "Equality," published in a recent number of the "Metropolitan Magazine," proved so disturbing to its readers that the editors of the magazine state that they received beween two and three thousand articles written in answer to it. Nine out of ten of the articles, however, it is stated, attempted to controvert a proposition that Mr. Shaw never made. It is for the gifted satirist to laugh again at his public.

"The Industrial Student," a paper published by a school at Camp Hill, Alabama, that is educating white children along industrial lines, contains this heartfelt tribute to the value of such an education; its *naïveté* and genuineness make it worth reprinting as an encouragement to conscientious teachers everywhere: "Dear Sir: My son came home on Thanksgiving. I am so pleased with him in every respect that I hardly know what to say. May God bless you and your good teachers."

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